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Muff This funkiest distortion device will give you that dirty sound reminiscent of the natural distortion of the tube amps used by the Rhythm'n Blues bands of yesteryear.

Mole The mole bass booster will extract the highs and amplify the subharmonics, giving your instrument the depth, resonance and heavy penetration of the foot pedals of a church pipe organ.

Ego This microphone booster is designed for the vocalist whose PA system isn't strong enough to cut through the noise generated by the other members of the band. The Ego will match any microphone and up to quadruple the output of your PA system.

Floor Boosters

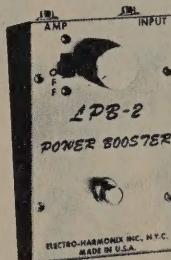
A new generation of boosters down on the floor with handy heavy-duty foot operated switch. Cut in or out without dropping a note. Add flash, depth, and range to your live performances.

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WE READ YOUR MAIL

Dear Hit Parader,

My Grandmother was over at my house for a couple of weeks, and since I listen to rock concerts on TV and listen to records, rock was all around. Well, she saw a picture of Mark Farner, and she asked if he was a girl! Well, that really got to me because I love Grand Funk's music, and I really respect Mark and the group for making such great music!! Then she went on to put down Alice, Three Dog Night, Pink Floyd, David Bowie, the Rolling Stones, and everybody else. Even Jim Croce! I am really getting fed up from older people, who don't even try to understand our music. I mean she called Mark Farner, and Chuck Negron APES!! How's that for crap!! All I can do is give my apologies to Mark and all other musicians.

Rainbow R M,

Praises for Leee

Dear Sir,

I think your magazine is great. I love your color photos!! Your November '74 issue topped 'em all. Leee Black Childers' article on Mott was great. Man, if you could get some more articles on the inside while groups tour it would be fantastic. Also, Lisa Robinson's Jimmy Page interview was tops. I'm so ready for Zeppelin's new LP I'm about to sh—in my britches. Again, I really dig your photos. Just think if you could publish a Hit Parader with all photos!!

Jim Wyatt
Las Cruces, New Mexico

Dear Editor,

I have been reading your magazine for about a year and a half and I really hate to write letters; but I just had to write you to tell you how much I enjoyed Leee Black Childers' article on Mott the Hoople and I mean his style of writing and sense of humor which he could have wrote about anybody. Why doesn't he give up photography and become a writer? Incidentally, while I am writing do you hate David Bowie?

Sincerely,
G. Lorey

Dear G:

Of course we don't hate David. He's very talented, don't you think?
(Ed.)

Dear Editor,

I really want to compliment you on your November issue. Leee Black Childers' story "On Tour With Mott" was great. Mott the Hoople (in my opinion) is the best group' around. I've seen them 5 times in concert and they were dynamite. I've read alot of articles on them but Miss Childers was the greatest.

Sincerely,
Terry
Havertown, Pa.

Dear Terry;

Although Leee Black Childers isn't overly hung up on gender, he does happen to be a guy. Just thought you'd like to know. (Ed.)

Carly ...

Dear Editor,

I would like to say how much I enjoyed the article in the October '74 issue on Carly Simon. It was very simple and very sweet. I would also like to know if Carly and James Taylor ever plan on making a record together?

I saw them when they were in Birmingham and they both put on a fantastic show. I love their music and all the songs they sing together, they sound just great.

Thank you,
Patti Beavers

Dear Patti;

James and Carly always help each other out on their recordings, but for the time being — they're keeping their careers separate. (Ed.)

Solo Sparks
Union, New Jersey

Dear Solo,
We will. (Ed.)

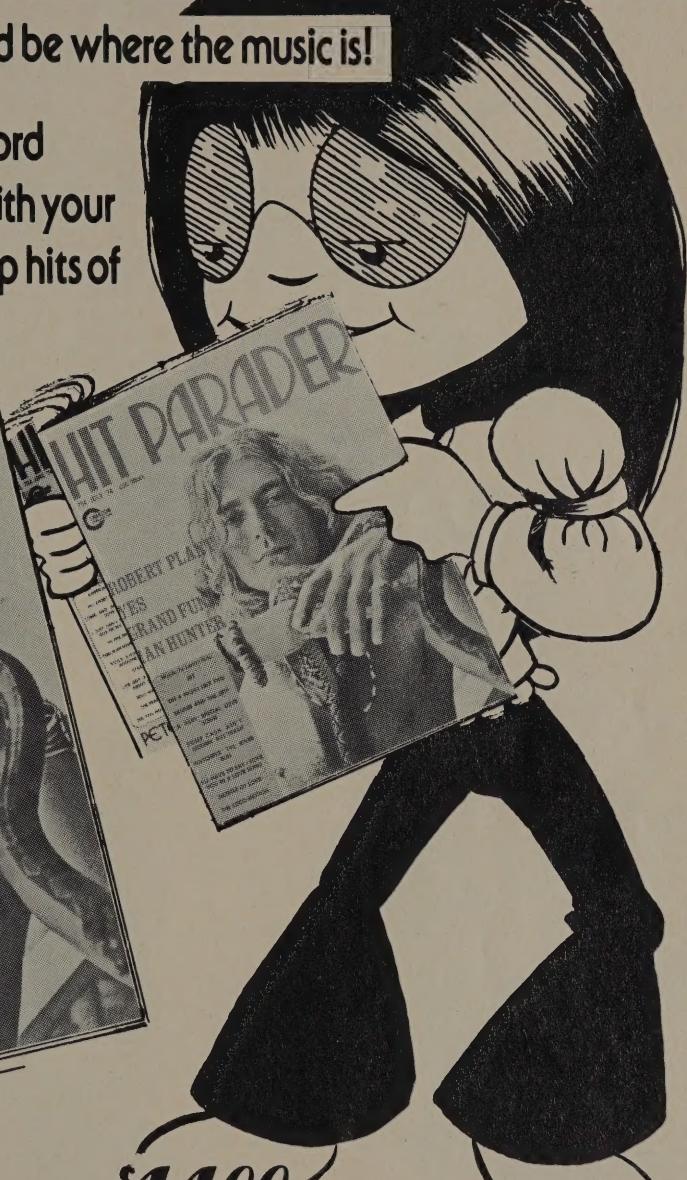
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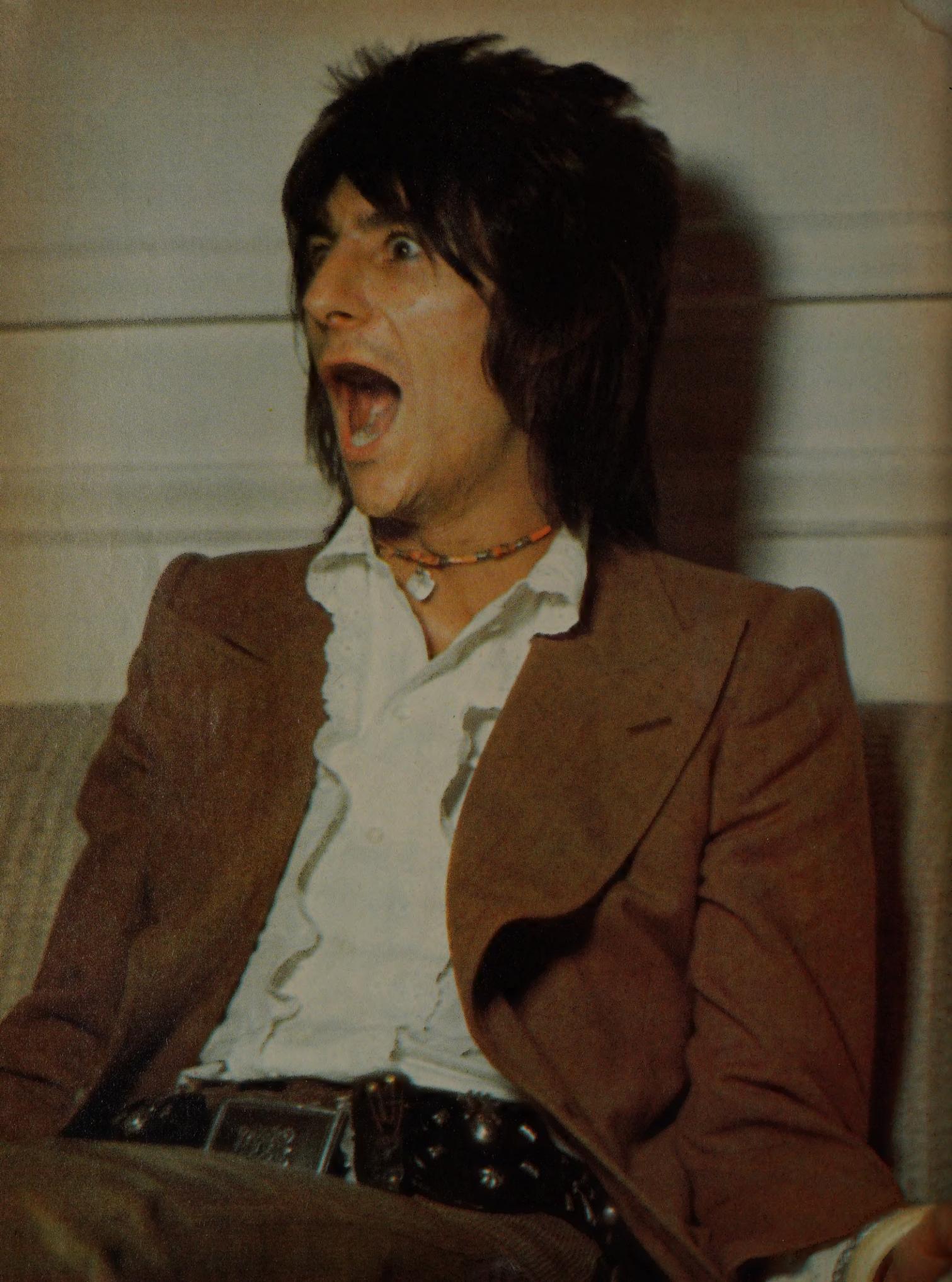
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RON WOOD'S GOT HIS OWN ALBUM

"The last time I did an interview I told them I didn't care much if the album sold that well or anything," Ron Wood smiled in his expansive white and beige Plaza Hotel suite, "but now that I'm here on this 19-day promotional tour, I am really in this high pressure frame of mind and salesman thing."

"They told me - (they being Warner Brothers) - that it was a part of releasing it; if I was going to release it I should go out and push it. And I tended to agree. So here I am." Indeed he was. In New York complete with photographer, Warner Brothers A & R man, promo man, (in the adjoining bedroom) and lots and lots of different outfits to change into. And - of course, a tape recorder with a variety of cassettes on a table, including "I've Got My Own Album To Do."

"I really still like the album," Ron laughed, "I think doing it in my house, in my little 8-track studio, really kept the identity under control and under a limited wing. I don't even like to consider what would have happened if I had done it elsewhere - like the Record Plant, or Olympic Studios, or wherever. Doing it at home was good, because where it had certain restrictions, I would have enough room to put an overdub on a track and on the vocals and that was about it. Whereas if I'd have had 24 tracks to play with, I'd have been able to use strings and brass, and generally overdo it for a first album.

"I have enough material left over for another lp, maybe I would eventually put some of them out. But I'd get a bit choosy, because I am already. Like "I Can Stand

the Rain" - but you know I felt a bit cheeky doing that. The backing track was great - but I didn't try and compete with any Ann Peebles approach. It was nice, but it was an afterthought; we had done this album and we were just enjoying some outtakes. We did "Ain't That Lovin' You Baby" - old Jimmy Reed song, about ten more originals of mine and anything that was slightly substandard or needed more time to work on, I just shelved." "I wasn't frustrated being with the Faces at all and not doing something on my own, it was more just something that took me over and overpowered me, you know - I had been putting it off for years, because you get various record companies saying - 'when are you going to have an album?' And I thought, well - I wouldn't dig that because people would think I was trying to compete with Rod or something. But this way the lp was great, because when we were in Japan and Australia I listened to all my ideas taped that I had had for some time, and I suddenly realized that there were loads of them that should be and could be used."

"And I realized that after we were finished with that tour, it would be the only time I would have to do an album. I always had this arrangement with Andy Newmark that if I did an album he would be the drummer, and then Keith came around for a visit and stayed 4 weeks, I knew Rod would help and that possibly Mick would but that was all. But I find all of that - that those people are names - very off-putting. I mean it wasn't done

(continued on page 62)





ELTON'S ABANDONED DREAMS

By Joseph Rose

"I didn't want to start doing live performances ever," said Elton John. "I just wanted to be a songwriter. But the people pressured me, and I got the band together. We did pretty well and got a certain following in England, and then we came over here and it was whoosh, straight up, you know."

Elton was relaxed. That is, he was relaxed as he ever gets, which is mild wild. When he's talking about music, especially his music, there is no way he can restrain himself from bubbling over, from nearly bursting with enthusiasm. Which made his remarks that much stranger. How could this natural performer ever have lived the quiet life of a behind-the-scenes pop composer?

"I always wanted just to write songs and to sit back at home and wait for the royalties to come in," he

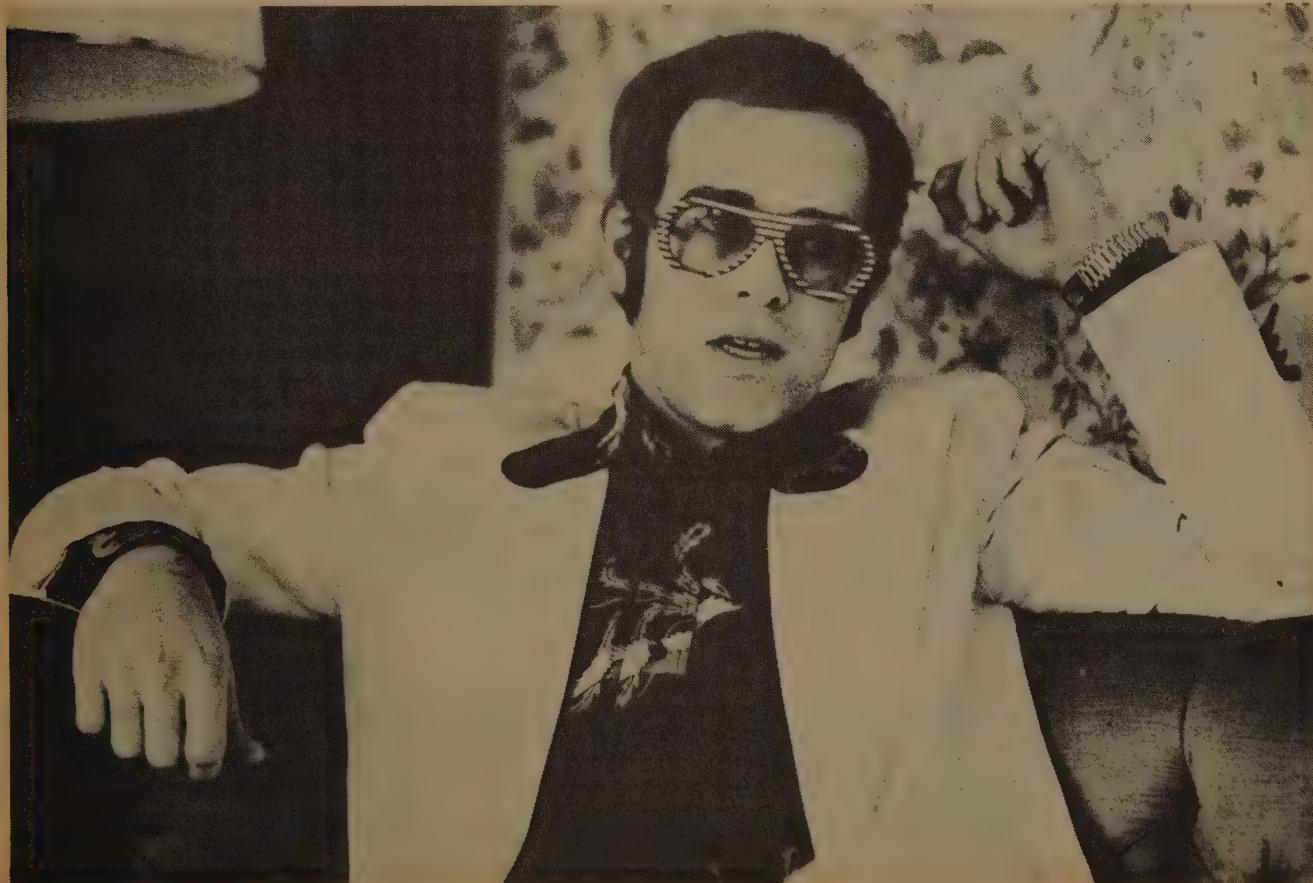
said and laughed. "But I enjoy performing now. I've got over the hangups of going on stage. I never used to be nervous, but I just couldn't get used to singing. And my chatting between numbers left a lot to be desired because I just didn't know what to say. But I can cope with that now. It's just a matter of experience. I was very raw at the beginning."

A much fatter Elton John started off by playing keyboards for a band he helped form, Bluesology, but he was embarrassed by his weight and stayed in the background. This was in the days before Weight Watchers and Take Off Pounds Sensibly, but Elton somehow found the will power to reduce by himself. Along with the pounds went his name (he's really Reg Dwight) and his career in the shadows. He decided to become a

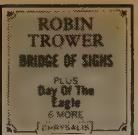
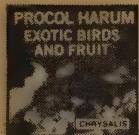
writer of hits, but he still had a problem.

"I was hopeless at writing lyrics. I wrote 'moon' and 'June' and things like that. I couldn't get it together at all." But Elton knew he could get it together as a composer, so he decided to get himself a partner. At about this time, he saw an ad in one of England's music newspapers, telling aspiring composers and lyricists to call a certain number. Elton called, and the fellow there gave him a bunch of lyrics by a guy who lived way out of London, in Lincolnshire. This cat, whose name was Bernie Taupin, hadn't even sent the lyrics in himself. His mother had mailed them after Bernie had gotten disgusted and thrown his letter away.

Elton and Bernie soon found they
(continued on page 51)



Mike Putland



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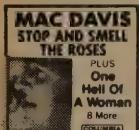
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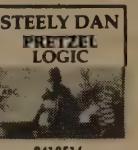
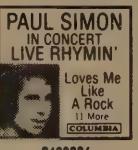
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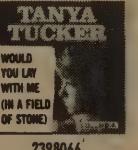
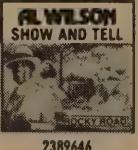
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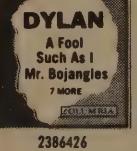
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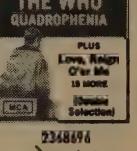
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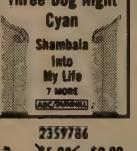
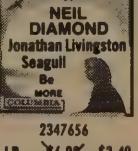
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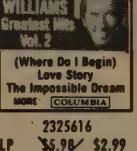
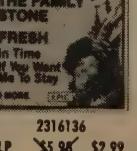
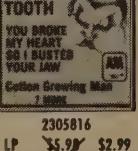
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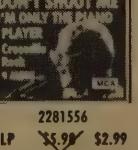
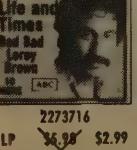
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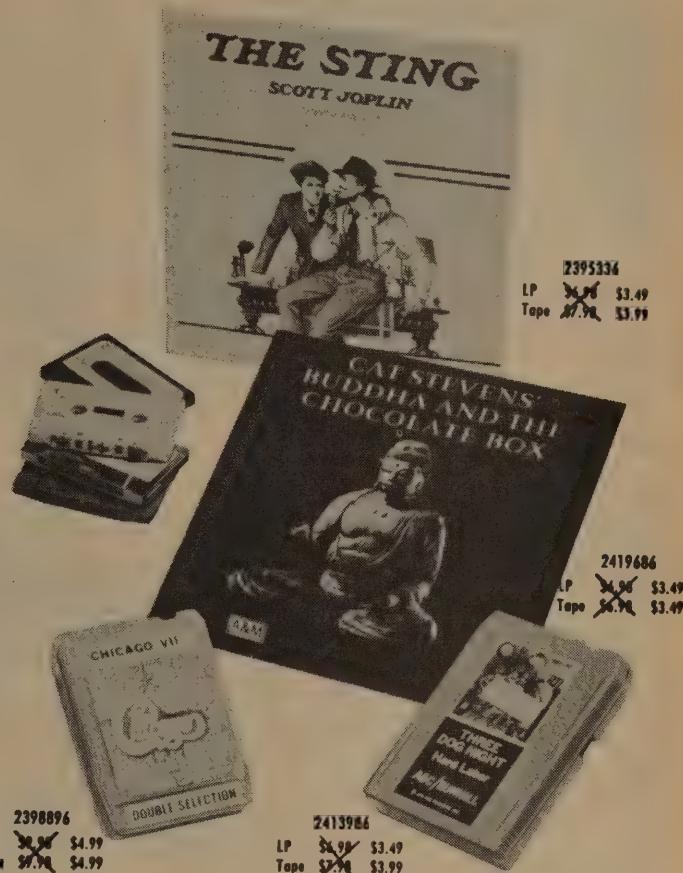
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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

By Lisa Robinson



Mick Ronson joins Mott. Is it still all in the family?

The news that Mick Ronson was to join Mott didn't come as all *that* much of a surprise to those who knew the people involved. Ronno hadn't exactly been thrilled with the progress of his supposed solo career this past year; and Ian Hunter had been heard to mumble about how Aerial Bender wasn't fitting in with Mott's concept as much as he might. This way, Mick will be able to play in a band again as well as plug some of his own material; (he'll sing three of his own numbers when Mott tours) and he'll share the vocal and production roles with Ian. He's not going to be a mere backup singer. Ian and he have always gotten along since the Bowie days - it will now be interesting to see just how all these egos get along this lineup.

Mick Jagger was in New York for the longest time mastering his lp. He told us backstage at the Stevie Wonder concert that he had done it originally in L.A. where "the best mastering facilities are", but something had gone wrong with the parts and they had to ship the whole lot back and forth to England again. While he was here he was quite social; attending an intimate dinner party with Peter Wolf and Faye Dunaway and film maker Leni Reifenstahl at Le Cote Basque, showing up at Stevie Wonder's party at the Hotel Delmonico and concert at Nassau Coliseum, visiting with the John Phillipses (Genevieve Waite) in their East Side townhouses and taking walks with them along Madison Avenue on early autumn Sundays.

Bad Company finished their

American tour in Boston with a nice added touch; a gold album for a million dollars worth of sales of their first lp - "Bad Co.". A small party was held for them in Boston's Sheraton Hotel following the gig at the Music Hall. During the performance Paul dedicated "Don't Let Me Down" to - "our manager, Peter Grant" - and then finished up the entire set with a slightly drunken rendition of "Auld Lang Syne" along with Mick and Simon. Boz was already off the stage and into the dressing room by that time. Rumours that Jimmy Page plans to leave Led Zeppelin and play permanently with Bad Co. are completely false. (See story this issue.)



Mark Farner shows off his new haircut.

Seen backstage at the New York Bad Company gig was Mark Farner, with newly shorn hair ... Watch for the Heavy Metal Kids to be the next big thing from the U.K.



Patti Smith — an original; the essence of sheer rock and roll fused with art.

... Patti Smith and Television were held over at Max's Kansas City for extra weeks where they had all of

the jaded New York set clamoring for more. Patti has abandoned much of her earlier beatnik, avant-garde poetry reading, and is singing more instead. Doing versions of "Paint it Black", "The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game", "Wild About That Thing" (a Bessie Smith blues number) as well as lots of original stuff - she is an incredibly high-energy, powerful rock and roller.

Backed by Lenny Kaye on guitar and Richard Sohl on piano - she is a joy. Television - well, it's hard to describe them. Some say that they look like they should be checking in with their parole officers, others think of them as sort of rough trade. (Sort of what Lou wanted to look like on his lp cover...) They are a truly crazed band - the likes of which we haven't seen since the very early Velvet Underground or maybe the Modern Lovers - and Tom Verlaine, (lead singer and guitarist), Richard Hell (bass), Richard Lloyd (guitar) and Billy Ficca, (drums) are outrageous, funny, worth watching



... Bruce Springsteen called Ronnie Spector's p.r. lady to ask for an autographed picture from Ronnie ... Arthur Lee and Love on a small tour with Eric Clapton ... Faye Dunaway backstage with Peter Wolf at Passaic New Jersey where the J. Geils' band performed.

When Peter sang "First I Look At The Purse" and got to the line, "I don't need no Hollywood star," Faye screamed and laughed ... When Rod Stewart and Ron Wood were in New York at the same time for separate promotional tours, they weren't able to get together. Schedules didn't permit. Not so for Jagger, Page and Woody - who went out raving to the 82 club one night until almost dawn. Woody and Pagey flew back together the very next night to London.

Apparently David Bowie's recording sessions in Philadelphia (at the Gamble and Huff Sigma Sound Studios) - came out sounding very black. And those who saw David perform in L.A. at the Universal

Amphitheater for the second half of his U.S. tour say that he really is very Barry White-influenced. He'll be at Radio City Music Hall on November 1, 2, & 3rd - with the same old "Diamond Dogs" show.

Jim Keltner and Tom Scott will be joining George Harrison on his tour; and although George says no other "names" will be along, there's a good chance that Billy Preston will be. Ravi Shankar will also be an "integral" part of the show.

John Lennon sang along with Elton John on the latter's recording of "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds". Elton originally performed it in concert and the reaction was so good he decided to record it. John was returning a favor; Elton sang with him on "Whatever Gets You Through The Night" on Lennon's lp. (See review this issue.)



John and Elton - collaborators.

And John says that while he doesn't really miss performing - (says he prefers the studio instead, - watch for exclusive interview next issue) - he may just go out one of these days and do some gigs. Not 38 cities though like George is doing; that's too grueling. He missed the Beatlefest held in New York recently, although he heard all about it. "I'm really a Beatle fan," he told me, "perhaps the biggest Beatle fan. I collect stuff." That Beatlefest was amazing; 6000 kids gathered at the Hotel Commodore to trade Beatle memorabilia, look at and buy pictures, t-shirts, records, buttons, and dress books, guitar pins, and the like.

And watch a band called Liverpool perform all the Beatles songs, note for note exactly as they were. Although the band was dressed in Sgt. Pepper outfits, they bore a faint visual resemblance to the Grateful Dead. Lots of Beatles films were shown as well - promo films, the regular full-length features, and some rare bootleg TV kinescopes from England. Mark Lapidos, the

organizer of the event, said it went better than they expected; (over \$3000 was collected and donated to the Phoenix House) and perhaps it will be a yearly convention.

Speaking of the Grateful Dead - everyone is saying that they definitely will break up. Apparently they really are fed up with it all, and watch for a series of farewell concerts all this year ... Bette Midler is recording in the Motown studios in L.A. ... lots of R & B ... Robert Stigwood is presenting "Sgt. Pepper" - a theatrical production of that music in dramatic form.



Ian and Aerial before the "musical differences."

Opening in New York in November, it will tour the nation for approximately a year. The company will travel to each city for a week or two, and the show is directed by Tom O'Horgan, who did the same for "Hair". 29 Lennon/McCartney songs are in the show - all the ones from "Sgt. Pepper", "Abbey Road", and "Strawberry Fields", "Nowhere Man", and "Long And Winding Road" thrown in for good measure. The Stigwood Organization will also be putting out the "Tommy" film in March; starring all of The Who, Ann-Margret, Elton John, Eric Clapton, Tina Turner and Jack Nicholson.

"Odds & Sods" is the Who lp made up of unreleased tracks spanning the ten-year period of the group; some of them were originally intended to be included on "Who's Next" (as part II). Especially noteworthy is "I'm A Face" - which was the Who's first single in England, never released in this country.

George Harrison's tour started on November 2nd in Vancouver, and takes him and Ravi Shankar (who will open the bill for Harrison, and who also records for George's Dark Horse Records) to 50 concerts in 27 cities over a period of 7 weeks. This tour marks George's first appearance since the concert for

Bangla Desh in 1971, and his first American tour since 1966 when he performed with you-know-who. Accompanying Harrison in his band will be Tom Scott, saxes and woodwinds, Chuck Findley, trumpet and trombone, Robben Ford on guitar, Andy Newmark-drums, Emil Richards-percussion, Willie Weeks, bass, and Billy Preston on keyboards.

The full itinerary is as follows: Nov. 2-Vancouver; Nov. 4th-Seattle; Nov. 6th-San Francisco; Nov. 8th-Oakland; Nov. 10th-Long Beach; Nov. 11th and 12th-Los Angeles; Nov. 14th-Tempe; Nov. 16th-Salt Lake City; Nov. 18th-Denver; Nov. 20th-St. Louis; Nov. 21st-Tulsa; Nov. 22-Fort Worth; Nov. 24th-Houston; Nov. 26th-Baton Rouge; Nov. 27th-Memphis; Nov. 28th-Atlanta; Nov. 30th-Chicago; Dec. 2nd-Cleveland; Dec. 4th-Detroit; Dec. 6th-Toronto; Dec. 8th-Montreal; Dec. 10th-Boston; Dec. 11th-Providence; Dec. 13th-Washington; Dec. 15th-Uniondale, Long Island; Dec. 16th and 17th-Philadelphia; Dec. 19th and 20th-New York City.



The Heavy Metal Kids — the next big one from Great Britain?

Marc Bolan avoided New York City entirely on this last tour and ended up in the Joint in the Woods in Parsippany, New Jersey ... Alice Cooper was almost struck by lightning while playing golf in the Bronx recently. The lightning struck a tree right behind Alice and caused it to split into pieces. Alice, nervous, donned wooden golf clubs and continued the rest of the game...

Paul Morrissey's "Dracula" is fantastic, and soon Paul will be directing the divine Genevieve Waite, John Phillips and Tommy Tune in Phillips' Broadway musical "Space". Later on it will be made into a movie ... "Janis" the full-length feature film about the late rock star will be shown soon. The movie traces her career through personal appearances, concerts, recording sessions, rehearsals and interviews. □

ELECTRIC NEWS



By Richard Robinson

There Are Tape Recorders And Then There ...

Choosing a tape recorder is a difficult process, made no easier by the variety of recorders available. First there are three basic tape configurations from which to choose: reel to reel, cassette, and cartridge. Within each of these categories prices can range from under \$100 to over \$1,000, depending on the quality of the recorder.

Although manufacturers are obviously able to build all sorts of equipment under the general heading of *tape recorder*, the price range indicates that they may look the same, but there's a big difference as to what's inside the case.

I've put together the following guide-lines from my own experiences in buying audio equipment. I hope they're of some help the next time you collect up your coins and decide to invest in new equipment.

First, the general categories:

Reel to reel: These are the most traditional form of tape recorder, using a reel of tape passing openly across the record/playback heads to another reel. While reel to reel is not as convenient as other configurations, it provides a higher overall quality of recording and reproduction because of the width of the tape ($\frac{1}{4}$) and the speed at which it runs by the heads (generally 7.5 ips).

Cassette: We're all familiar with the Phillips cassette, a small, self-contained plastic box housing two small hubs and a supply of tape. Cassettes are extremely convenient, easy to use, and don't take up a lot of storage space. Originally intended as a catch-all unit, cassettes have developed high quality sound by the sophis-



Superscope's new Model CRS-152 is an imaginative creation, featuring all sorts of extras to make it a really functional cassette and radio center at a remarkably low price.

tication of the cassette machine, the introduction of more sensitive coatings on the actual recording tape, and the use of noise reduction devices which electronically remove hiss from the tape surface during playback.

Cartridges: Where the cassette uses tape $1\frac{1}{16}$ " wide, the cartridge houses one continuous loop of tape the same width as normal reel to reel tape: $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Where the cassette runs at $1\frac{1}{8}$ ips, the cartridge runs at $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips, about half the speed of the normal reel to reel machine. The advantages of the cartridge are its improved fidelity over any other self-contained configuration (eg: the cassette), and its 'endless' loop construction which means you don't have to turn it over.

The disadvantages of the cartridge are also numerous: it is bulky, much bulkier than the cassette; the continuous loop principle means that the programs will be interrupted four times by dead space during the play of the entire loop; there are no portable, miniature recorders available

as there are with the cassette; the quality of sound reproduction is not that much better than the cassette and has been outpaced by higher priced cassette recorders.

Costs: Reel to reel machines start at about \$200 and go into the thousands of dollars. A good reel to reel machine can be had for from \$200 to \$400. A superior machine will cost from \$500 to \$850.

Cassette machines start at about \$30 for the portable battery operated units and run up to about \$1,200 for the most advanced, computer circuitry home deck. Expect to pay about \$80 to \$150 for a functional battery operated, monophonic cassette recorder; from \$150 to \$400 for a home deck capable of recording in stereo and able to be plugged into a hi fi amp, this often includes Dolby Noise Reduction circuitry; from \$500 to \$1,000 for the most advanced home cassette decks that rival reel to reel machines in their sound quality.

Cartridge recorders are not as numerous as cassette or reel to reel

machines. This is because the cartridge was originally designed as an 'in-car' sound system and most of the cartridge machines are made for car use. But you can get cartridge decks (both playback only and play/record) for home use, they will cost you between \$80 and \$200.

What's What: When buying any tape recorder, stick to name brands, you'll have a better chance of not getting stuck with a piece of junk. Among the machines I'd recommend are those from Sony, Panasonic, JVC, Pioneer, TEAC, Sanyo, and other Japanese manufacturers. If you can afford it, don't buy the bottom of the line model, but get a medium or higher price range unit.

On Tour Shows Goes Qs In 150 Cities

The producers of the "On Tour" syndicated rock radio show have been using the Qs 4-channel encoding system on their syndicated program. The "On Tour" show records major rock artists on location through the use of a 16 track mobile recording studio, which they drive to the location. The 16 track tapes are then mixed into quad in Los Angeles and distributed to over 150 major FM rock radio stations across the country.

John Parker, President of On Tour Associates, said, "One of our main objectives in the production of this series is to offer radio stations and the listening public the highest possible quality with the greatest realism in recreation of the concert-hall experience. Through the use of the Qs 4-channel encoding system, we found we could get a superb quadraphonic effect and an enhanced stereo effect which made the program exceedingly attractive to radio stations and listeners."



New from Sony, their model TC-570 three head tape system with sound on sound, echo, detachable speakers, and full stereo recording capabilities.

The "On Tour" show is aired weekly by the group of syndicated stations and is the beginning of a larger series of quadraphonic shows to be developed by On Tour. The next show will be a Country and Western production, called "Country Sunshine Express", and the third adventure will be a rhythm and blues format called "Soulstop".

"Because of the favorable reaction", said Parker, "we can see that our principle of high quality is right on target. We will use every effort to assure the highest quality of our other syndicated programs. Four channel is a boon to FM stations".

New Cassette System

Superscope has added a highly flexible radio/cassette music system to its expanding line of high-quality, low-priced stereo equipment. Their new model CRS-152 combines a highly sensitive AM/FM/FM Stereo tuner, stereo cassette recorder and detachable speakers.

The unique design of the CRS-152 includes a condenser microphone built into each speaker, allowing wider separation of sources during live stereo recording. Patent is pending for this not-to-be-found-elsewhere feature. Automatic Record Level (ARL) facilitates undistorted recording by novices and pros alike. Slide type volume, tone, and balance controls provide an easy, accurate sonic perspective.

Late night music buffs will appreciate the special sleep function switch; by running a tape through the cassette recorder while listening to the tape or radio, the entire unit will shut itself off when the tape has run its course. FM reception is sharp and

clear, the result of high sensitivity while using only the unit's telescopic swivel antenna.

Among many other features, the CRS-152 includes a stereo phone jack for private listening, a meter for determining recording levels, tuning accuracy, and battery condition, and provisions for external microphones and phone inputs.

The model CRS-152 is available in black with walnut trim, or as the CRS-152W in white with black trim. Minimum suggested retail price for each unit is \$199.95.

Sony Tape Recorders

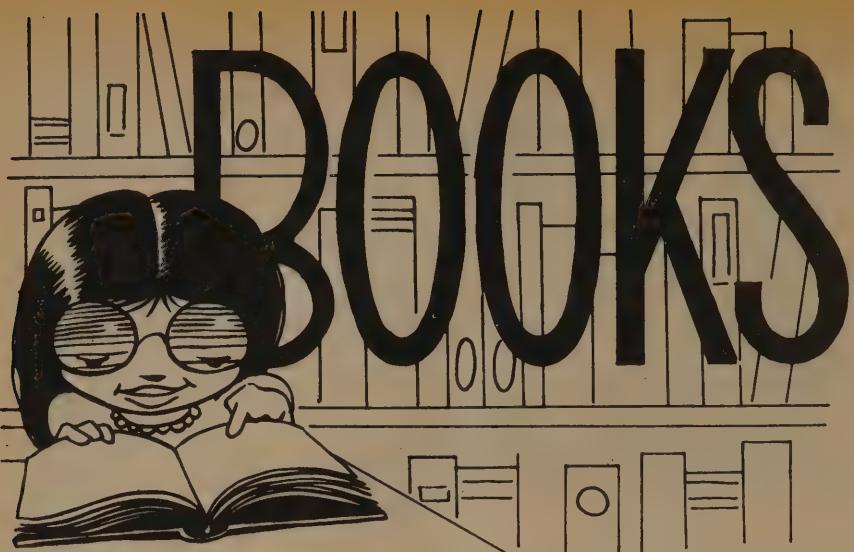
Sony is introducing a new, completely self-contained open reel tape recording system boasting a multiplicity of useful and imaginative features. Designated the SONY TC-570 the new recorder features Sound-on-Sound and echo recording capability, in addition to other professional-styled functions.

The TC-150 is at home on its own or as the center of a complex, high quality music system. The unit includes built-in high powered amplifiers and two full-range lid-integrated stereo speakers.

Among the many professional features developed for the TC-570 are three-head recording/playback for full monitoring capabilities, straight line record level controls, record equalization selector switch. The three speed TC-570 offers the convenience of a 4-digit tape counter, non-magnetizing record head, mic and aux inputs, and large easy-to-use calibrate Vu meters.

The SONY TC-570 is priced at \$499.95, and includes two SONY F-25 microphones. □

The Dokorder Model 7100. At a list price of \$400, this unit is a fine example of value for money. All the controls are automatic and everything is simply and directly designed.



JAMES DEAN/"THE MUTANT KING"

a biography by David Dalton
(Straight Arrow)

To describe the impact that James Dean had on the youth of these United States in three feature films — *East of Eden*, *Rebel Without A Cause*, and *Giant* — is to describe a generation. Like an indelible portrait, he was at once mirror and mannikin, the sudden shock recognition of what had formerly been obscured, the expression and reality of individual fantasy.

It is this quality more than any other which heightens the impact of David Dalton's excellent biography of Dean, whose legend has always had the potential of outracing its subject. Guided by intensive research and a flair for metaphysical guesswork, Dalton looks at both the intimate details of Dean's life and their broad, even broadest implications. He avoids the midrange, concentrating on the minuscule (high school debates with Barbara Leach over WBAT radio) to the magnificent (the Kabbalist commentary on Genesis as an insight into Dean's portrayal of Cal in *East of Eden*), all with the direct aim of seeing why it was James Dean who so

infected and perturbed our imaginations instead of any other.

His answers are clear. Dean was an original, a performing genius, a keenly instinctive actor who knew how to walk a tightrope of emotions without displaying the road-map of how it was done. Contemporaries Marlon Brando and Paul Newman may have shared that talent, as did Julie Harris (Dean's co-star in *Eden*, as well as a starkly unforgettable image in her own *Member of the Wedding*), but their sense of control was always more personally acute. As people, they were able to draw back from their roles off set, return their lives to a state of normalcy. Dean couldn't, and the twisted wreckage of his Porsche would bear mute evidence to that incipient tragedy.

David, who has previously written about the Rolling Stones and Janis Joplin in filigree detail, lingers long and lovingly over the moments of Dean's life, opening them with a wealth of background and interior detail. He cites Jimmy's letters, written to his girlfriend between small productions in Philadelphia, filled with cartoon doodles and lonely thoughts; he uncovers old photographs; he extensively interviews Jimmy's personal friends and associates, knitting their divergent strands into a singular whole; most importantly, he allows the facts to speak for themselves. Avoiding cliche, there is never the impression that Dalton is prying, looking for some ingeniously-dreamed inside hustle. He knows that his marshalled histories have the strength to speak for



James Dean



themselves.

Mercedes McCambridge remembers. James Dean is nervous before filming a scene with Elizabeth Taylor in *Giant*. He moves away from the set, unzips his pants, takes a piss. "I'm a Method actor," he says later. "I work through my senses. If you're nervous, your senses can't reach your subconscious and that's that — you just can't work. So I figured if I could piss in front of those two thousand people, man, and I could be cool, I figured if I could do that, I could get in front of that camera and do just anything, anything at all."

The scene is done in one take. Page 302.

Lenny Kaye

THE 50 CENT GUITAR BOOK

By Bob Davis and John Adam
Flash Books (\$3.95)

The 50 Cent Guitar Book is a ninety-page comic book-style introduction to the guitar. It is a clever approach to teaching the rudiments of strumming and picking, with the emphasis on just how uncomplicated it really is to plunk out a tune.

The history and development of the guitar, the types of guitars (six-string, twelve-string, steel, dobro, etc.), the parts of the guitar, tuning the guitar, picking styles, basic rhythm structures, and guitar tabliture are explained using cartoon diagrams and balloon captions. The artwork is precise, yet the over-all style is engaging. Bob Davis and John Adams obviously love the guitar and what it can do, and manage to communicate the fun of playing and the simplicity of basic chord structures.

Flipping through the pages you might think this is a toy book — mixture of underground comics and grade school guitar lessons. Closer examination reveals that *The 20 Cent Guitar Book* is a complete, thorough, imaginative explanation of what a guitar is and how you play it. All popular styles are included: blues, folk, and rock. There are easy-to-follow instructions for playing songs like "Me And Bobby McGee"; an illustrated history of Robert Johnson and his music; and a discography, bibliography, and index.

I've worked with a number of manuals in my time, trying to pick-up tips and methods of playing better than I do. This book cuts away a lot of the bullshit surrounding guitar playing and I can

recommend it as both an introduction and refresher course to anyone who's ever wanted to play the guitar.

Richard Robinson

THE BOOK OF ROCK AND ROLL ADS

Edited by Alan Betrock
Rock Marketplace (\$2.00)

The Book Of Rock And Roll Ads is simply what it says it is; a compendium of strategic promotion that might have been lost in the shuffle of rock history had not Alan Betrock, publisher of the excellent fanzine, *Rock Marketplace*, taken upon himself the task of preservation.

In forty 8 1/2 by 11" pages, Betrock presents a panoply of rock advertising. Specifically: the full page pitches created by anxious record companies to alert the industry (radio programmers) to their new artists. *The Book Of Rock And Roll Ads* concentrates on the mid-sixties: "As usual ... things are looking up for THEM with their new smash single... CALL MY NAME"; "The original hit single fresh from the very top of the British charts! The Spencer Davis Group 'Gimme Some Lovin'"; "DJ's, Programmers, Record Buyers, Sociologists Please Note: THE KINKS ARE HERE!" ... from John's Children (featuring a teenage Marc Bolan) to The Velvet Underground, the book is a graphic representation of the type of 'sell' used to get the rock sound on the radio.

Copies of the book are available direct at \$2.00 a piece from The Rock Marketplace, P.O. Box 253; Elmhurst-A-New York, 11380.

THE SONGWRITERS' SUCCESS MANUAL

By Lee Pincus
The Music Press (\$6.95)

Lee Pincus is one of the founders of Gil/Pincus Music, a music publishing firm whose properties include Lennon and McCartney ditties like "She Loves You" and "I Saw Her Standing There". From his vantage as one of the most successful publishers, Pincus has a rare overview of the machinations of the music business. In *The Songwriters' Success Manual*, he has used this experience to present the in's and out's of music publishing as it applies to the boy or girl on the street, guitar in hand, trying to break into the business.

To say this is a 'much needed book' is an understatement. Music publishing can be the most lucrative area of making music for the successful musician, yet more often than not the novice will get himself screwed by not understanding that the control and administration of the music copyrights is more precious than record royalties, in-person appearance fees, and the other benefits of stardom.

In writing this book, Pincus dispels the

rumor that publishers are out to 'get' the musician. His clear, precise style deals with all facets of publishing: licensing, ASCAP and BMI, contracts, foreign royalty situations, copyrights, potential areas of income.

If you've written a song your next step should be to read this book. Only when you're familiar with phrases like "term of copyright", "logged performance", "rates", "session costs", and the other terminologies used in the publishing business, will you be in a position to understand what you have and what you can do with it.

The Songwriters' Success Manual also explains the physical practicalities of making music on a professional basis. Chapters include getting your songs recorded, songwriting contracts, producing recording sessions, and other publishing and record company guidelines.

This 160 page book is of real value to any musician who thinks enough of himself and his music to care what his potentials are. It is available at music stores, bookshops, or direct from the publisher (\$6.95 plus 55¢ postage and handling) at: The Music Press, Box 1229, Grand Central Station, New York, New York, 10017.

Richard Robinson

LEARNING MUSIC WITH SYNTHESIZERS

By David Friend, Alan Pearlman, and Thomas Piggott
Hal Leonard Publishing Corp. (\$7.50)

Based around the ARP Odyssey synthesizer, this book is the first basic text book on synthesizer theory and operation. Over two hundred pages of text, plus clear, well-rendered diagrams and charts make it a massive undertaking which the authors have accomplished in a readable, practical, and knowledgeable style.

Divided into three parts, *Learning Music With Synthesizers* covers all aspects of the synthesizer as both an electronic circuit and a musical instrument. Section one deals with the basic theory of sound synthesis and the terminology involved; section two covers the practicalities of actually using a synthesizer (the example given throughout the book is the ARP Odyssey although the information is valuable no matter what equipment you decide to use); and section three considers traditional musical concepts in relation to the synthesizer.

This is a text book, not light reading for the curious, but a course in synthesizers for those who really want to know what they do, how they do it, and how you can use one to effect new areas of music. The professional musician will find it invaluable, saving hours of experimentation by giving the answers to what a synthesizer is and what it can do; the amateur will find it a very useful guide to the potentials of the instrument.

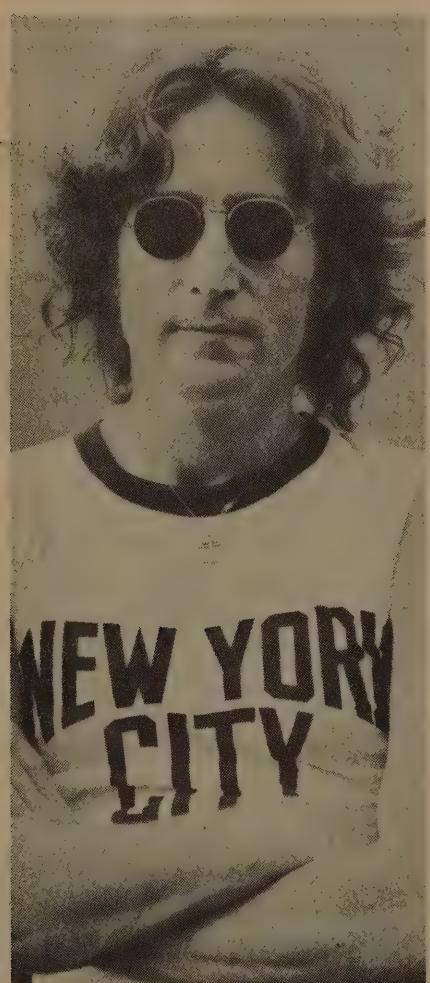
Recommended.

John Lemon

RECORDS

JOHN LENNON: WALLS AND BRIDGES

(Apple SW-3416)-



One of the songs on John's new lp is called "You Don't Know What You Got Until You Lose It", and whereas I wouldn't go as far as to be overly melodramatic about making A Statement about his deportation problems and his musical contributions vis a vis this lp, let's

just say that we really *cannot* afford to lose this man ... John told me that as far as this album is concerned (watch for exclusive interview in next Hit Parader!) he's "returned to music". Really. This is a gorgeous album, filled with all of the variety that Lennon is capable of as a songwriter, singer and musician.

Probably we shouldn't have expected anything less than this from John, but it is refreshing to see that he's avoided much of the intensity of "Mind Games" (although it does sneak in a bit here and there, especially on "I'm Scared" but that's okay too, it is a part of him, after all), and has managed to include lush ballads, good rockers, well - you know, there are some fast ones, and some slow ones ... and it's a marvelously well-rounded work.

"Whatever Gets You Through the Night", in addition to having a terrific title, is of course, a great commercial radio single - with Elton and Harry et al helping out. Other musicians on the album include Jim Keltner, Ken Asher, Klaus Voorman, Jesse Ed Davis, and Nicky Hopkins. Songs like "Dream", "Going Down On Love" are vaguely reminiscent of those Beatles harmonies, the orchestration is perfection as well. Same with "Bless You". There is no doubt that in addition to his musical capabilities, John is the master of the studio; he says he loves being in there, and the results show it.

The rhythmic changes throughout the album - even in the middle of the songs, as well as the various influences seen (everything from black disco sounds to raunchy rock and roll; - although I would have loved to hear more of "Ya-Ya". Guess I'll have to wait for that Specter/Lennon oldies lp), establish his current music as among the most important being recorded. Aside from the fact that this is obviously a commercial lp and should sell well, it is a joy to listen to and it's good to have him ... ummm ... back ...? Well - you know, it *has* been a while since his last lp.

— Lisa Robinson

GENEVIEVE WAITE/ ROMANCE IS ON THE RISE

(Paramour PR5088 SD)



She looks like she'd bruise if you breathed on her too hard. I think she grew up on angel-food cake and became the stuff dreams are made of. I think she got lots of valentines when she was a little kid and decided she liked that more than anything. Now Genevieve Waite is playing hearts all over America with her debutante album, *Romance Is On The Rise*, perhaps the novelty album of the year and also the sweetest piece of plastic since you last kissed an IUD.

Genevieve Waite practiced dreaming about love when she was a golden tyke in her native South Africa, dancing on the moonlit shore of the Indian Ocean. When the rock music scene began downshifting from psychedelic speed into the laid-back Woodstockian float of the late sixties, Genevieve wasn't paying attention at all. She was making a confectionary film of genteel decadence called "Joanna" (none of this snaggle-toothed vomit realism, thank you), lounging on another exotic beach under a sultan's tent with that suavely dying aristocrat, Donald Sutherland. When Genevieve finally found her own sugar-Papa, John Phillips, in Los Angeles soon afterwards, she proved herself a manic romantic who fights hard in the wars of love and wins a lot. Perhaps she loses a bit, too. One of her favorite quotes is Garbo's ultra-devastated line from "Morocco": "There's a Foreign Legion of women too; but we don't wear medals."

Waite's material, much of which was written by husband Phillips, reflects an

RECORDS

image of The Pampered One, the ultimate girlfriend who loves her snookums *so* much. (But remember: just 'cause she's cute and talks like an eight-year-old don't mean she ain't got lots of savvy. Good men have *died* or committed suicide from oversights like that, fella.)

"Romance Is On The Rise" opens the LP with a simplistic optimistic ditty about how swell the aforesaid condition is, elaborating that "love is very civilized." "Transient Friends" reveals that Gen doesn't mind sleeping alone every once in awhile, as long as she can dream that someday soon "baby, I'm gonna cover you with kisses from head to toe." "Trashy Rumors" is one of the more sophisticated songs on this Cole Porter/Irving Berlinish package, gamely resisting despair with an eye cocked wryly at all possible infidelities. "Biting My Nails", John says, was thrown in to update the collection a little. It's about bad habits and fighting against compulsive behavior, dealing nominally with the chewing of one's nails to the quick but suggesting much more adult vices as well. The song's "Leader Of The Pack" introduction is fabulous.

"Danny" explores the poignance of maturation ("I used to be a tomboy, but I'm a woman now"), which is all the more effective when sung in Genevieve's baby powder voice. "White Cadillac" should have been the single with its bouncing beat, exultant chorus and winning lyrics. What a keen lover it is who derives such emotional joy from the responsibility for pleasing, with lines like "I'd be so ashamed if I ever lost your love." "Girls" has a warmly comforting tone, with slyly contemporary lyrics ("Girls'll run around in your head, 'til you wish you liked boys instead").

Probably the most intriguing and earnest number on the album, though, is "American Man On The Moon." It's a preview from John and Genevieve's upcoming musical, "Space," which is about a United States astronaut who meets an angel while on a mission.

They fall in romance, love-chase each other around the stars and planets, and sing this duet on the moon. Angel Genevieve's interstellar sympathy at the mortal condition of her earthling suitor shows an understanding, protective concern and a sense of uniqueness which rounds out her definition of womanhood nicely.

One of Genevieve Waite's favorite books is "The Wildest Shows Of Love," which is about four women who fall in love with the desert, its men and its

hashish, and the fatalistic attitude of the Arab people. She loves the idea of white women in Arab tents and speaks of Burton, who spoke 39 dialects and translated that beautiful pornographic book, "The Secret Garden." But Genevieve is much more to the point; she coos. Get the message:

Crawford Damascus

NIGHTMARES ... AND OTHER TALES OF THE VINYL JUNGLE

J. Geils Band (Atlantic SD 18107)



Give it to the band and let 'em birdland. J. Geils and Co. have come a long way since the night *Hit Parader* editor Lisa Robinson and I stole over to a small west side nightclub named Ungano's to see the preview of a bright new Atlantic recording hope. The audience was mostly executives in varying stages of the promotional field, more anxious to indulge in a little afterhours social palaver than pay much musical attention; they never even had a chance to get to the bar.

The band immediately shut any latent conversation with a swipe of their electrical paw, Peter Wolk leading the pack. Instantly riveting, cut with equal doses of hip jive and jive hip, they looked as if they might have the stolid grace to maintain their musical drive and identity even in the face of growing commercial temptations. By the time "Lookin' For A Love" left-hooked onto the charts, the J. Geils phenomenon was a reality, moving up the bills in a steady, rolling motion, hovering headliners just under the full-time stadium limit, always remaining true to the references and tintypes that gave them initial life.

Nightmares ... works securely within that tradition, expanding inwardly rather than outside their chosen sphere. It takes few risks, but rather further consolidates the brutally spare sound this power sextet has spent years honing. Unlike other bands (white and black) that work with the rhythm and blues field, they've proved little interested in "maturing" their approach, popularizing by changing the guttural array of their instruments. Their line-up sticks steadfastly to basic blues rhythm and melodic components, so much so that when an odd mandolin sneaks into "I'll Be Comin' Home", the effect is one of surprise rather than possible appreciation.

Instead, they work off the surety of expectation. "Stoop Down #39" opens with a blast of Magic Dick harp, quickly segueing in and around a syncopated Wolf vocal and a few soaring lines from Mr. G. Seth Justman tinkles a line of acrobatics over the ivories, the duo-sonic rhythm section of S. Bladd and D. Klein respond by dealing a stuttering heartbeat to the entire table, raising the stakes and feeling for the sleeve-buried ace. "Musta Got Lost" (the type O single). "Detroit Breakdown". "Look Me In The Eye". It's the way they've always done and always will, pints in the pocket, first on the scene with the record machine. Get the picture? (Yes we see)....

-Lenny Kaye

SALLY CAN'T DANCE

Lou Reed (RCA CPL1-0611)



Dear Lou,

The other day Stu Ginsburg over at RCA bought me a Chinese lunch and before I left his office he gave me a test pressing of your new album.

When I got home Lisa put the album on and I gave it one of those unconditional listens where I don't even tap my feet. Then, Lisa asked me if I'd review it for this *Hit Parader*.

"I want a real review!" she said.

First off, don't you think it would have been nice to thank Sir Mack Rice for the inspiration (as well as the concept of Sally)?

Second, I sort of like the whole album; my reservations being that I find its lack of depth disturbing. The album is good, it just lacks the energy that I see as part of the Lou Reed myth. It isn't forcefully crazy. There's no bitter-sweet confusion in the inner crevices of the songs. Sort of like the difference between a berserk young tom cat and an old black tabby who's conserving the couple of lives he has left. In your early Velvet albums you promised to rock and roll till they shot you down.

Steve Katz did an admirable job producing the album (at least it doesn't sound like Blood, Sweat, And Tears). I would have expected worse, and I think the result is for the good, the closest you've been to being heard for some time.

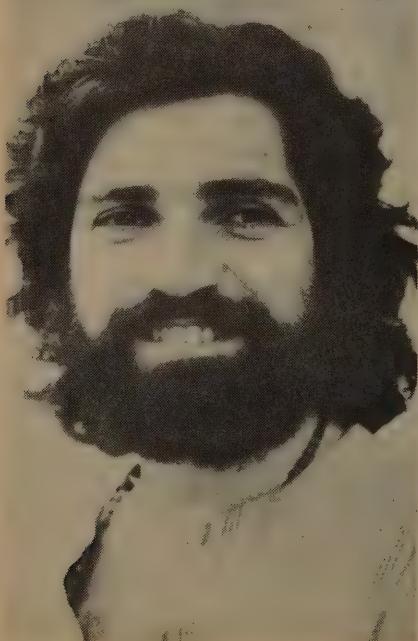
The problem is that even though I've heard the album a number of times, I still can't remember one song from another, except for the line "Sally can't dance", and even that I'm not sure is from "Ride Sally Ride" or "Sally Can't Dance".

I'm glad to see that you're against the war in Vietnam ("Kill Your Sons") and that you still think about the boys in the backroom ("N.Y. Stars"), but I would probably remember more of the album if it was a little heavier on Lou Reed rock and roll.

Best wishes,
Richard

FELIX CAVALIERE

Bearsville BR 6955



Felix Cavaliere represented the brains behind the Young Rascals, a fact increasingly proven by the passage of time (Dino and Gene lost in a misappropriated Bulldog, Eddie remotely disappeared) and the vinyl evidence of his debut solo album. For the first time he has synthesized the varying musical strains running through his psyche, anchored them around the most straightforward writing he (and co-author Carman Moore) has constructed in quite a while, and presented them within a framework that proves he's his own man at last.

Felix Cavaliere is a work album, however, and its balancing strengths and weaknesses display the change of intention which the record represents. After the practical dissolution of the Rascals, due in part to Felix's own misadventures in following his musical nose, he moved to Columbia (the record company) to instrumentally and spiritually experiment. The result might have been artistically defensible, but it tended to shun that side of Felix which has always been his most unique; i.e. the full-bodied street sense of how urban rock and roll should be presented. It was the factor which bounded the Rascals up the charts, and a factor he has inevitably come to appreciate with *Felix Cavaliere*.

Changing courses in mid-stream is no easy matter, and the album shows signs of that uncertainty. He is recouping ground rather than gaining it, the best moments revealed when his fingers remember that certain touch of latin-tinged magic. The Driftersque (actually, Jay and the Americans) "Summer In El Barrio" gains as a result, while "I'm A Gambling Man" sounds a shade contrived in its expected imagery. He is at his best when playing below the belt, on the lower edge of subtlety, "Everlasting Love" (the most intriguing hook on both sides) to "Funky Friday" to the solar concussions of "I Am Free".

Todd Rundgren as co-producer has reduced Cavaliere pretty much to essentials, with heavy reliance throughout the album on keyboards, synthesized and otherwise, and a strong, web-footed horn section. Everyone is given space to blow, though not to the point of exhaustion, and Felix - who is seldom thought of as a virtuoso - acquires himself admirably and to the point. It feels like he likes playing again, the feeling mutual, I'm sure.

-Lenny Kaye

"SILK TORPEDO"

Swan Song

Swan Song Records, Led Zeppelin's newly formed label is following up their spectacular debut album by Bad Company with another new album, this time by the legendary Pretty Things.

The source of the Pretty Things legend is that in 1963, they were the most outrageous, longest haired, funkiest rock group in England — supposedly a big in-

fluence on the Rolling Stones. Later, Pretty Things lead singer and guiding light, Phil May, changed the group's sound from British R & B to musically sophisticated concept albums.



"F.S. Sorrow" released in 1967 was the first "rock opera" ever — Peter Townshend has mentioned it as a partial inspiration for "Tommy", and "Parachute" released in 1970 was one of those albums that all the rock critics loved — but the public barely heard because of poor label and management. To this day, the Pretty Things have never toured America — but all that should change now that they are under the Swan Song wing.

What an album "Silk Torpedo" is! Produced by Norman Smith who did the arrangements for the Beatles, many of the Pretty Things tracks have the magic of the Beatles "Abbey Road" period. With incredible harmonies, off-setting Phil May's classic and unmistakable rock and roll voice, "Silk Torpedo" has several of those songs which you find yourself singing along with the first time you hear them ... Particularly special is "Is It Only Love" with its haunting layers of chorus, and "Dream" which is highlighted by great keyboard work by John Povey. "Mama Come Home" meanwhile is super rock track.

The Pretty Things' "Silk Torpedo" is definitely one of the albums of the year — hopefully heralding a long time coming success for one of the truly special rock talents of our time.

—Ralph Ricci

UP TO OUR NECKS IN MUCK AND BULLETS— Oh, And Rock & Roll Too!

By Roy Hollingworth

It is the year 2024 — midsummer to be precise, and heavy snows and atrocious gales lash the Isles of Scilly, which lie forty or so miles off the coast of Cornwall, England.

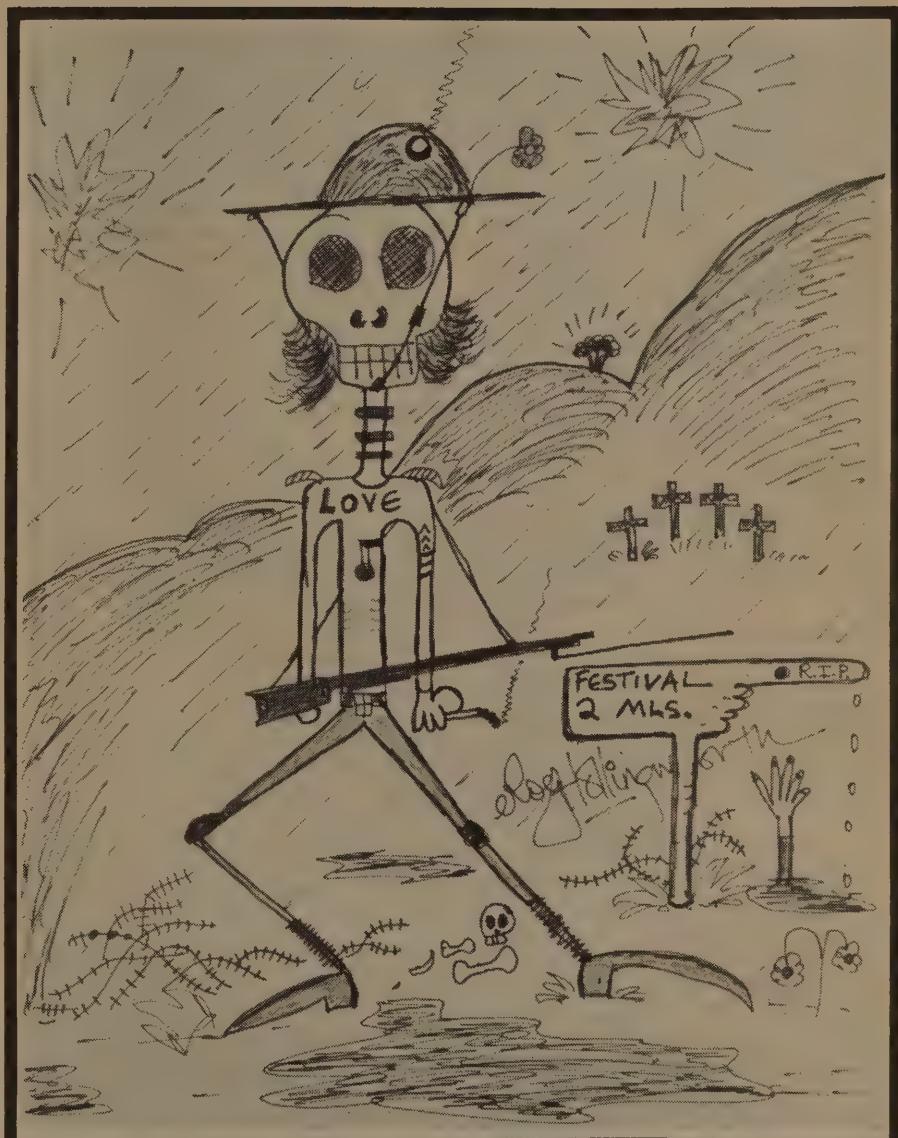
Once, many years ago these Isles were bathed in hot sunshine, and pleasing, balmy breezes during this time of the year. But that was all changed in 1979, when President Rockefeller, of the United States of America ordered that The World be moved 3,000 miles away from the Sun, in an effort to cut down humidity in New York City.

Using 1,000 Pan-American 747 aeroplanes, each equipped with 1ft thick steel towing cables, The World was hauled to its new point in space. New York City breathed again, but only for a while. In 1982, on Christmas Eve, Manhattan Island sank without trace — except for a sign that read "Max's Kansas City-Steak, Lobster and Chick Peas", which was washed up six years later just outside Cleveland.

The snow continues to fall in thick blankets on The Isles of Scilly, but between gusts, a light can be seen flickering in St. Mary's Harbour. It comes from the cosy interior of The Mermaid Inn.

In one corner of the old, old Inn, sits an old, old man, his face lined and creased like a used brown paper bag — but his eyes shine bright blue in the firelight. Ever and anon he sips brandy and port from a musty pewter tankard, and sucks on a briar pipe filled with his last supply of Acapulco Gold.

Around his feet, in a neat circle sit his grand-children, and great-grandchildren. It is 8 p.m. and storytelling time in The Mermaid. As the old man rocks steadily in his chair, ticking sluggishly like an old clock, one of the children, a sturdy lad by the name of Tristan speaks out. "Dear Grandfather Roy tell us a tale of the old days."



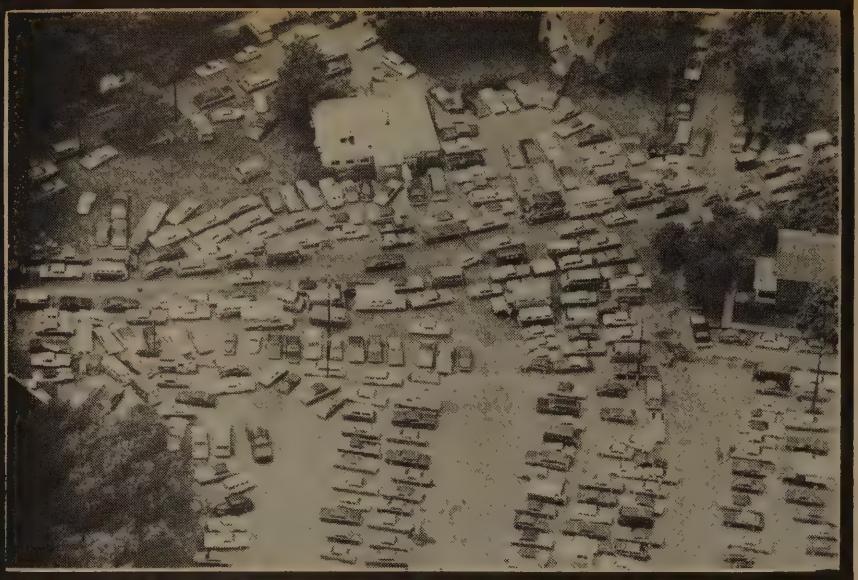
"And what tale does thee want to hear young Tristan, my grandchild?" inquires the old man.

"Tell us of the great Rock War dear Grandfather Roy."

The old man taps out the ashes from his pipe on his boot, refills it, and calls on Wentzell The Innkeeper to pour him out another jigger of rum. Settled with both pipe and drink, the old man settles in his chair, and stares at the ceiling as if in a trance. Then with his mind cast back

50 years, he tells the tale in a thick, proud voice:

"When the Second Rock War broke out, mid-way through the 1960s I was called up and joined Queen's own First Battalion of Rock Scribes. Our headquarters were in Fleet Street, London, which as you know, is now called New Moscow. We were outfitted in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and black velvet jackets. Each of us was given a felt-tipped pen, manual typewriter, and a



bullet proof notebook.

"Days of waiting then passed. Our Major — a certain strange man by the name of Musty Coalhouse paced his office, day and night thinking up strategy after strategy, all of which were mad — and we knew it. He would hide under his desk scribbling on maps, and reading reports of The Enemy's progression. We could never actually figure out who the Enemy was — but Major Musty swore that there was one. Each day he had our H.Q. turned inside out in search of spies — but all he ever came up with were empty beer bottles and lifeless packs of Gold Leaf cigarettes.

"We were bored, spending our time drinking, pinching the tea lady's bum, and interrogating unknown rock artists in a nearby pub."

The old man swallowed a large gulp of brandy and port, took a blast on his pipe, and continued his story.

"Many of us had seen service before — at the Great Isle of Wight Battle of 1969, when Bob Dylan and a band of pagan American musicians invaded the Isle. We were camped out on the hills surviving with the other 250,000 recruits, on a diet of cider, marijuana, and pork pies. For five days and nights we fought over tent space, a better view of the stage, and place to take a pee.

"Bodies were trampled on as they slept, women gave birth to babies. Lads that were nervous of the situation took overdoses of all manner of drug. On the fourth day the food ran out, and when Dylan appeared he was master of all the starving — wretches around him. But worse was to come.

"Major Musty locked himself away for days filling his mind with Sanka. We worried of him, poor man. But then one drizzling morning

he appeared. White, and shaky, and leaning somewhat on his stalwart aid Sgt. Toby Belch. Pointing a thin finger to a ridiculous map that resembled a child's attempt at a portrait of The Mona Lisa, he ordered myself and unit of scribes to Bickershaw, Lancashire, England, where a festival was to be held, led by The Grateful Dead a renegade bunch from the West Coast of America. We were to be under the command of Sgt. Belch, and were to leave at once, and muster all speed as God would will.

"Sgt. Belch was a good man, but knew that our situation was immediately hopeless. Bickershaw Festival lay more than 200 miles northwards, and with it being an abnormally wet early Spring of '72, our chances of even reaching the battlefield were slight.

"By early evening we had only managed to reach the high hills of Matlock, Derbyshire, and exhausted, we took refuge at a roadside tavern. We took of several pints of the local beer, and then started the long haul up The Snake Pass to Manchester. By the time we hit the city it were dark and the clouds threatened storm. 'Methinks us lost and done for' cried Belch, but spurred by myself and our faithful camera-man "Dancer" Wentzell we continued.

The old man again paused with his tale.

Up stood Tristan. "Who else was on the bill dear Grandfather Roy?".

Another swig of brandy, a lung-full of the Devil's Shag, a scratching of an old wound somewhere near his groin, and the old man continued. The snow continued to lash against The Mermaid's window, the shutters shaking in an attempt to break the storm.

"There were a band led by a bold

character by the name of Captain Beefheart, also out of America. And let me see, yes, a chirpy songster called Donovan, and a bold British unit called The Kinks led by Raymond Douglas Davies, who as you know is King of all that is left of England. And also out of America were The Flamin' Groovies, strange band if ever there was one.

"Anyway, by the time we reached the coalmining area of Bickershaw it were blowing a squall the likes of which I'd never seen. It were as though all Hades were broke loose. Pity the poor souls out of that Festival Field we thought, and checked into a cosy nearby motel, and got drunk while watching comedy shows on the television.

"Next morning, with the rain still hosing down, Sgt. Belch ventured forward. If he didn't return in two hours myself, Dancer Wentzell and our faithful companion Cheery Glen Colson were to go out and look for him.

"He didn't return. And loading our bellies with brandy, the three of us ventured out.

"It were a horrible sight. Enough to turn even a butcher's stomach. Half an inch of rain had fallen during the night, and it were still coming. Thousands of wretches lay in thick mud on the field. Filthy, unshaven, cold, hungry. Part of the stage had been blown away. Wet tents sagged to the ground like burst balloons, the mud covered our boots. Where was Belch?

"We found him whitefaced, staring at an empty can of Newcastle Brown and shaking his head in defeat. 'What is with thee brave Sgt.?' we asked. "If this be rock and roll then I have nought to do with it" replied the shattered man, and walked away like a madman into the distance. We never saw him again.

"Braving our way to the beer tent, and supping strongly, the three of us decided that all was not lost. And although a frightening deluge of rain then shook the site, the music went on. When Captain Beefheart took to the stage, at 2 a.m. in the morning he appeared to be playing to an audience that had sunk up to its neck in the filth. But we braved it on, and with the Captain delivering such fierce sound as ever I've heard, we left the field at 5 a.m. well satisfied with ourselves for mastering such conditions."

On saying that, the old man rolled up his trouser leg, and baring a withered knee, showed a great scar, and spake. "Attempting to open a

bottle of wine in pitch darkness at 3 a.m. that morning I put the corkscrew through my leg—but Colson stopped the bleeding with his hanky, and put a flask of brandy to my lips. I daresay he saved my life."

By now the whole Inn was gathered around the old man, and him, flushed like a ripe tomato with drink, ordered another jigger to be brought him by the faithful landlord Wentzell. Yes readers! The same Wentzell who was the camera-man in the old man's Unit. And sat on a cane-chair to the old man's left was the wise little figure of Cheery Colson, drinking port. Such loyalty there never was that these three held between them.

Up again stood the grandchild Tristan. "Dear Grandfather Roy, what was the worst festival you ever fought at?"

Putting a knotted hand to his knotted chin, and stroking it, and then spitting into the bright fire, the old man again gazed into the distance as if lost in memory. He re-filled his pipe, touched his hawk-like nose, and continued:

"There were a place once called Buxton, perched about 2,000 ft above sea level in the wildest hills of the wildest part of Derbyshire. Neither village nor hamlet could be seen for miles around, it being raw country, open to the winds from the North. Promoters being prone to be lunatics, a certain lunatic decided to hold festival in a dale twixt two hills of these parts. It was to be called The Buxton Festival of 1973, and headlining was Chuck Berry and a host of other goodly bands.

"But God had other intentions.

Having witnessed so many festivals the Dear Lord saw worthy to headline one himself. And by the nails of Jesus he did just that!"

"Not even a band on the bill called Nazareth could calm His anger, and the night preceding the festival he spoke forth to His weather bureau: 'Let all bloody Hell be let loose'. And it was done.

"Rain and sleet fell down in never ending torrents. The roads to and from the site flooded, marquees and tents were blown away or collapsed, and the poor people huddled together under rocks for shelter — there not even being a tree in the area.

"Wearing thigh-high fishing boots I strode through the area. It were as if a plague had hit the place. Frail youths too cold and tired to care any more were put into the back of ambulances. They were suffering from bad exposure — all to listen to THEIR music. What courage they had. And what courage the bands had too. With rain sweeping straight into the stage, and with fear of being fried alive should the water soak into the cables, they played their balls off to try and warm the starving, wretched people.

"As if the people's plight were not enough, Police on horseback harried the crowd in search of drugs, riding through whole bunches of persons, some of whom were too tired to move, and therefore felt the cruel pinch of the horse's hooves.

"The backstage area was nought but a concrete shell, already badly flooded, and stinking of urine and beer. Guitarists warmed their fingers twixt their legs, and drank heavily, waiting in line for their names to be

called.

"I made various explorations around the site to talk and cheer the people. But their faces were gray. As night fell there was such a blackness, with clouds scudding only a few hundred feet above.

"But Chuck Berry arrived, collected his two thousand pounds in cash, plugged in and roared away. I could hardly believe it as the people — who until now I had expected to be half-dead, rose to their feet and clapped and danced in the fury of God's anger. It were as if Chuck had said: 'Get off thy bed and dance'. And they got off their beds and danced.

"Yet the next morning was a sorry sight. Miles away from proper transportation, hundreds lay asleep at the side of roads, or waited like soldiers in Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow at railway stations. Or they sluggishly limped home, wet and horrid and sad to look at. Others sought food with only a hand-full of pennies. I fear many suffer chest ailments that were brought on by that festival."

On saying that the old man let forth a racking cough, and again spat into the fire, sending up a plume of steam as the spit hit the coals.

"Why did people go through all this. Why did they suffer so, when they could have stayed at home, warm and well fed?" asked Tristan.

"That I'll never really know", replied the old man. And with tears welling up in his tired eyes, he whispered: "Rock and roll were our war, and like all good soldiers we went through heaven and hell for it." □

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Bob Gruen

JIMMY PAGE: An Encore For Bad Company

By Lisa Robinson



Lee Black Childers

"It's fucking JIMMY PAGE!," the boy screamed in total hysterical disbelief, as Jimmy went onstage at the Central Park concert with Bad Company for the band's second encore. Jimmy, in town with the band for the better part of the week, had done the same thing in Austin, Texas Sunday night where Bad Co. played a huge festival; both times the song was "Rock Me Baby". It was one of those magical moments, and so great to see him on a stage, playing, again; a stunning climax to what had been one of Bad Company's best gigs on this tour so far.

Jimmy was in great spirits the night before in New Haven; he spoke about how much he admired Bad Company and how well deserved their success was. "You know," he said quietly, "there really is a comparison to be made with this band and with Zeppelin. For Paul and Simon had played together before like Robert and Bonzo did, and all of them came together from other bands like we did, and the combined fusion of all the musical forces just has worked out so well. And it's such good, strong, virile music."

We talked about the last time he was in — for the Swan Song luncheon, and we laughed about the strange interview we'd done. I've got some great pix of you in that emerald green satin shirt and pink velvet suit you wore for the whole three days you were here, I said, and he laughed, "Oh yes, the same outfit I've got with me this time as well." In fact, he was wearing a rather familiar looking red patterned silk shirt, and his shoes were in need of some repair (must be part of that vulnerable bit, makes people want to take care of him, etc.) — but nonetheless, he looked great.

"I've been working really hard," he

said, "on the lp and a bit on the film. The album should be out around October hopefully, then I'll be able to really work and finish up the film. There's just so much to do with that movie, editing all the parts together, working the music in with it, finishing up my little bits." What? You still have some home movies to do? "Well — I've been waiting for the autumn to finish up my stuff," he smiled, "I did a few things last winter — it's all outside, no restrictions.

"It was great playing in Austin, though," Jimmy continued. "I mean I wouldn't have wanted to do it as an ego thing, or if the band hadn't asked me to. But I must admit it was so great to get on a stage again, I really miss it, and am looking forward to touring again. Probably around January." In England or U.S. first? "I don't know, that's up to Peter," and then, "I mean I really enjoy working on the album, but that's a head thing really — you do need to get in front of audiences and feel that feedback, that energy. I'm really a playing man."

Paul Rodgers was preparing to go onstage, first he pulled a wrinkled, wet, and not-too-clean flowered beige and white shirt from his suitcase. Hmmm, I've seen this one quite a few times. Next came the slightly soiled off-white leather stitched trousers. Added accessories included a thick leather belt with lots of bullets. (You can throw those at the audiences as souvenirs, I suggested, and Paul liked the idea...) and a rumpled scarf. Needless to say, Rodgers hadn't shaved in a few hours, which causes him to look like he hadn't shaved for a few days. Oh well, it's all in the image — Bad Company indeed.

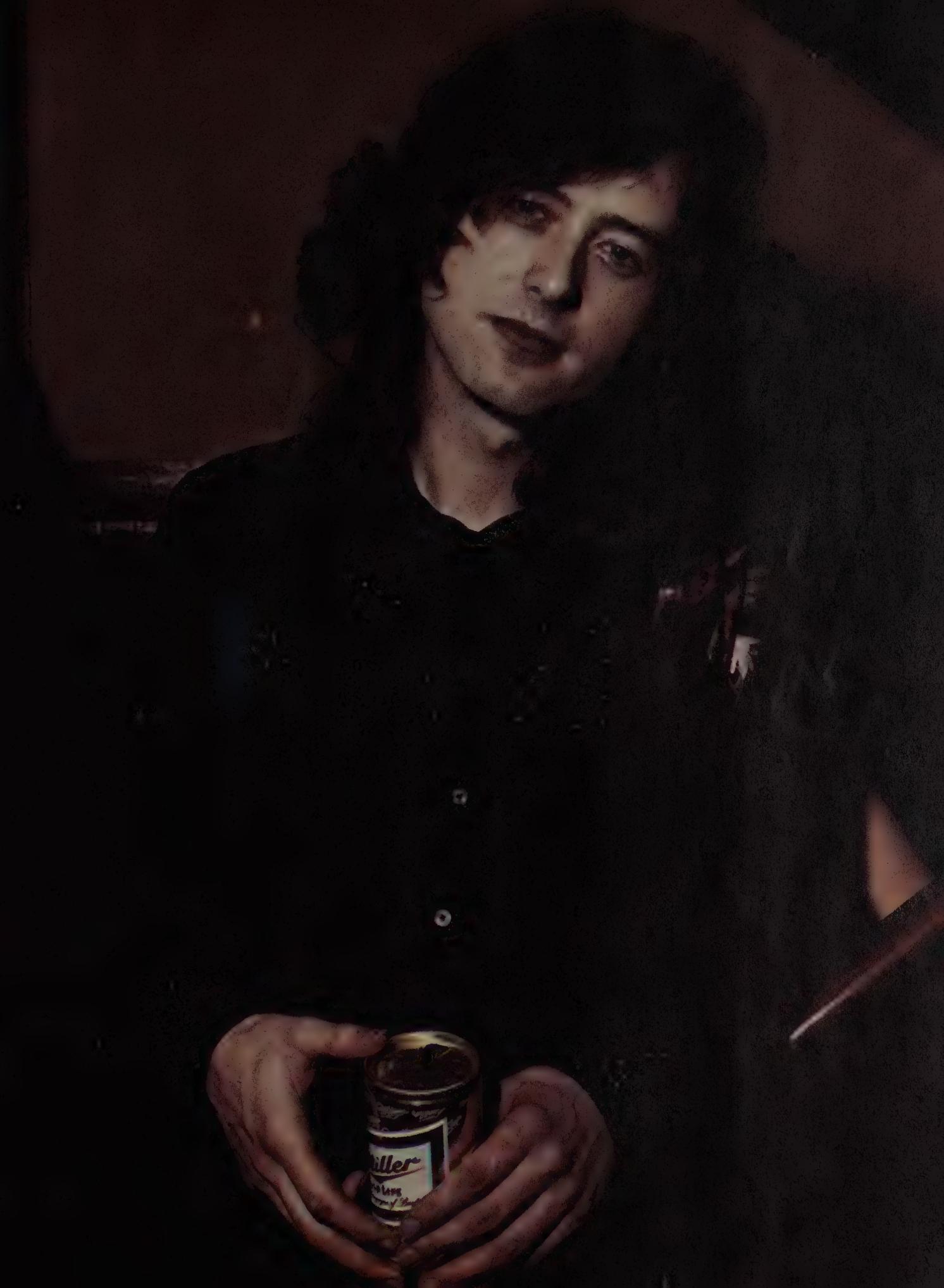
Jimmy watched the show from the side

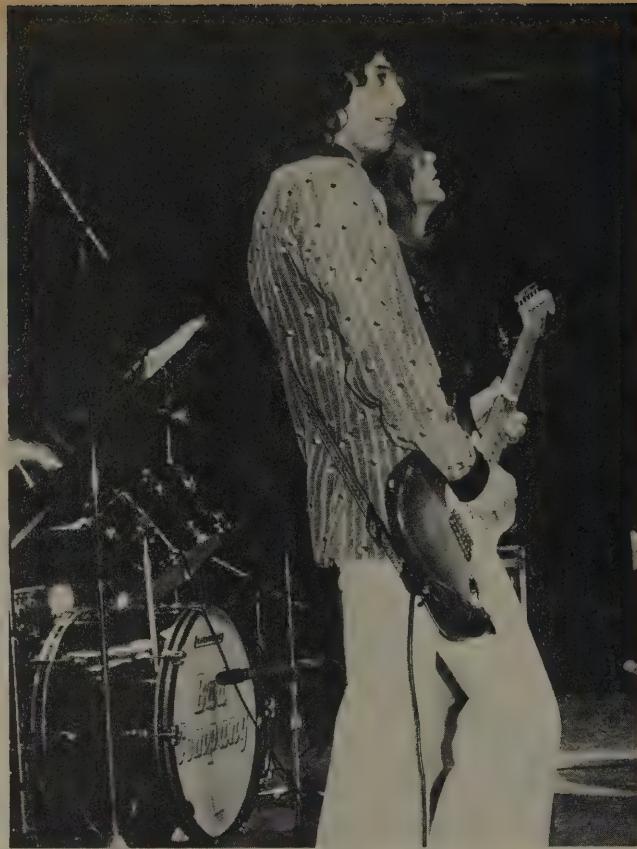
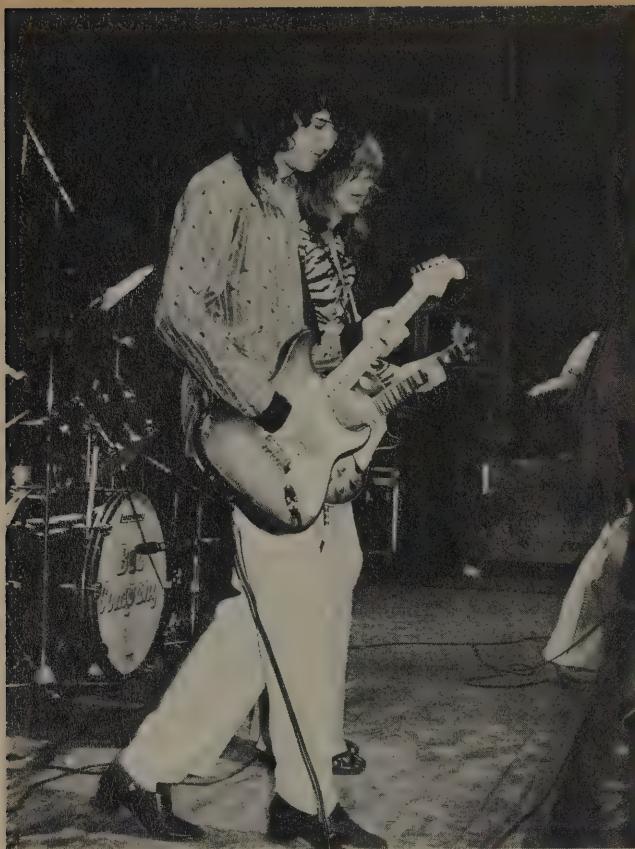
of the stage, stomping his feet and in general "getting into" the music. Several teenage blondish girls came up to him with instamatics (probably children of the promoters, etc) and asked if he would pose for a pic, he smilingly obliged. Jimmy — who can occasionally appear a bit moody and stand offish, was in an amazingly good mood. He was completely charming after the show as we talked some more about the tax situation in England: "I wouldn't leave," he said, "even if I had to live in a cottage."

There's just the thing about England — the tradition of thousands of years, and the beauty of the countryside. It's so gorgeous there, I wouldn't want to be without that. The whole tax thing is so ridiculous anyway, hopefully it will change. It would be one thing if they took 61% in taxes — that's fair if you're making a lot of money — and gave it for home mortgages or such, but of course they don't do that." And then we talked about his involvement with land conservation a few years back in the Loch Ness area ...

"It was really amazing to get involved with the town council and politics and all," he said enthusiastically, "you really can get something done if you try. I just was upset that they wanted to put up all those pylons in this magnificent countryside, and I really got involved, doing up petitions and all that. Of course at first they didn't know who I was, then later they made a bigger thing out of it. It did do some good, although they ended up doing what they wanted anyway — basically. But you can get things done on that level if you are willing to really get involved, it was a very good experience for me. I feel very strongly about preserving that countryside."

Bad Company always hangs around





Lee Black Childers

the dressing room a long time after their sets; much to the consternation of Clive Coulson who has to hustle them in and out of places. Everyone decided to go and watch a bit of Foghat, and then we were back to the dressing room to watch Jimmy, Simon Kirke, and Mick Ralphs doing a bit of — you'll pardon the expression — jamming in the dressing room. Blues, it was, and Simon singing, "Well — I went down to the station ..." (That has to be my favorite line in all of music; *I went down to the station ...* I always crack up when I hear people singing that for some reason. My other favorite thing is Simon's imitation of Jim Dandy ... "get DOWN ... yeah ..." Ask him to do it sometime.) Jimmy looked happy to be playing a guitar, even in the dressing room.

Back in the limo, on the way to New York. Thunder and lightning and looks like the start of forty days and forty nights outside. Jimmy was talking about interviews; "I don't know, I used to slag out at the press all the time, it just seems unnecessary now. I mean, what's the point. It's all down to the music anyway, and I'm not sure that readers want to hear about the sweating out over the music ... it doesn't really make good reading." Peter Grant, Jimmy and Boz were having a bit of a disagreement about the music being played on the car radio.

Rather — Boz was having a difference of opinion with everyone else in the car; he seemed perfectly happy to listen to lots of jazz ... lots of the Jimmy Witherspoon live lp on a special blues program ... the other passengers wanted to hear a soul station. "Some virility ..." Jimmy mumbled ... "really — James Brown,

anything." Boz turned around from the front seat grinning as Donald Byrd and Freddie Hubbard and Ahmad Jamal followed one another; groans were heard from the back seat. A discussion about the merits of jazz and blues and virile music and time signatures and whether or not it was easy to play ensued as we wended our way back to New York.

The following day dawned bright and clear; dispelling all fears of whether Bad Co. would have to perform in a downpour (Ron Delsener is a bit funny about rain dates), or postpone the concert a day. Bad Company was opening the show for Foghat, but it was hard to tell who the seven thousand kids had actually bought tickets to come and hear. It was an extremely glitter-free crowd, one would think to look at them that no one was at the Uriah Heep/Suzi Quatro concert over at the Felt Forum.

All the members of Grand Funk Railroad were backstage, although they didn't stop in to say hello to Bad Co. Mark Farner's hair is all chopped off ... looks strange. (Someone said he looked like rough trade ...) The band played a remarkable set — the audience seemed completely familiar with the songs (well, the lp is Number 2 here this week) and they responded with cheers and standing ovations throughout the performance. Jimmy had been standing on the side of the stage by an amplifier and when asked if he was going to play on the encore, he shrugged his shoulders and smiled, "I don't know."

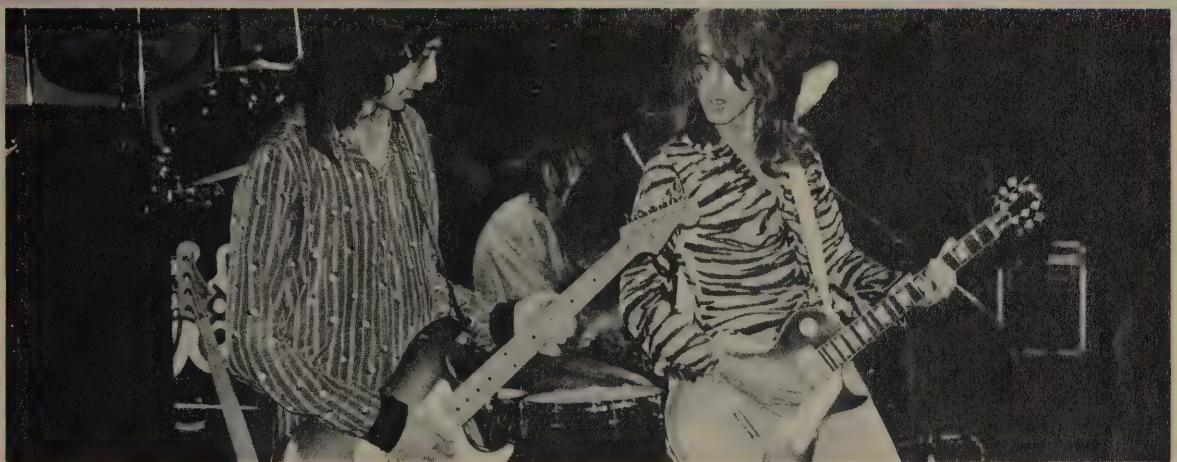
Following the encore — "The Stealer" — Paul yelled out to the crowd — "Do you want another one?" — and they screamed for more. Peter beckoned to

Jimmy, a roadie handed Pagey a guitar as Paul was announcing to the audience — "Here's a good friend of ours and I think a good friend of yours as well — Jimmy Page!" and he was onstage. Bedlam.

The audience — already extremely hysterical — rush the stage, went beserk. Jimmy quickly took off his maroon velvet jacket and joined the band on "Rock Me Baby". As said previously, it was great. He was grinning so wide, he took a few little solos, but it was amazingly unlike a superstar ego thing; he just played with the band, was all. He hugged Paul at the end, and they were off to a roaring ovation.

Backstage in the trailer, Jimmy was still smiling. It was so great to see you on a stage again, I said. "Yes, it felt good," he beamed. "You know in Austin I went on and didn't know what I would do — I thought what am I doing here?? But I wouldn't have wanted to do it unless it felt right. In no way would I want to feel that I was horning in on the band's thing." He didn't. As Foghat went onstage and the familiar strains of "Honey Hush" drifted out, Jimmy smiled.

Everyone made their way out of the trailer (the backstage area of the Park makes one long for the comfort and glamour of the Academy of Music), and on the way to the limousine several kids spotted Page. "You were great Jimmy!" and "Thanks for coming Jimmy!" ... and a bit of mobbing and finally safety inside the car. Jimmy would remain in New York on some business for a few more days; Bad Company — after one day "off" — (meaning doing interviews), would go to Canada and then Boston for the end of this very incredible tour. □



Lee Black Childers

THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW



By Lisa Robinson

PAUL RODGERS



Richard Creamer

HP: Are you surprised the way that this tour took off?

Paul: Yes, surprised and pleased because when we first started the band we wanted to make sure that we had everything together before we actually did anything — so we got the lp together and the stage set together before we knew what we were doing. And I think one of the reasons that we had such an impact was that we just suddenly appeared — you know? Almost out of nowhere, because when we started the band we really didn't say anything to

any one about it — or how we thought it would turn out one way or the other. And it certainly turned out well.

HP: A lot of bands come here out of the blue — especially the British bands, and have to tour four or five times before they do anything. Having a hit album helps, I guess!

Paul: Well — starting the show as we are is not a very good position to be in, really. Because people in the theaters are still moving around a lot — and it's good for us because it is toughening us up to be able

to hold the audience's attention. We really believe that when you're onstage the purpose is to put over a show, and you have to project it; but we're not into being flashy for flashy sake. A lot of groups are getting away with that, but it doesn't make it for us. We try and let the music develop naturally and it took us all the better part of a year to get it all sorted out, you know — contracts and who would be playing what — and we didn't rush it at any point at all. And that's why it comes over the way it does.

HP: Is there anything that you want to do musically that you feel you couldn't do within the context of this band; like do a solo album?

Paul: Well - people have mentioned the fact - why don't we do our versions of other people's songs. It's not that we go all out to only do our music, but there is so much we want to do and so little time. I mean at rehearsal we're bound to go into anything - like "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" or "Midnight Hour" ... but we haven't gotten around to doing our own versions of other people's things.

HP: Do you think that if you continue to do well over here that you'll sort of forsake England and just do big tours here ... you know, the way Zeppelin and the Stones seem to almost do England as an afterthought...

Paul: Well - I don't know. I met Keith Moon in a bar last night and he was saying that the idea of the festival they did over there was to do more of them all over the country in football stadiums. I think the problem with The Who and Zeppelin is in finding a hall big enough to accommodate the huge numbers of people who want to come and see them perform. There just aren't that many of them. But being that that festival went so well - I think that more football stadium promoters are interested now in doing rock shows in their stadiums; so I think it will open up another whole scene there - very healthy. But we'll never give up on England - no way.

HP: Do you have a studio in the country in your home in England like so many musicians do?

Paul: Well, it's a little studio in the barn on my land, yes. I have really only soundproofed it effectively, because we were playing in there with the wooden

walls and the cops would come about every four days and when I get back I'll have to outfit it and then be able to do demos and stuff.

HP: Do you have any desire to produce anybody else?

Paul: Not at the moment, we have enough trouble producing ourselves, really.

HP: Really? The LP sounded so easy. Was it hard work?

Paul: No, it was great actually - because it was such a relief after all the months of rehearsals to actually hear something back. And it didn't take all that long to do because with all the rehearsal time we didn't need time to sort out arrangements or whatever because it had already been done. I think it took about nine or ten days. And instead of doing it in a studio and having to go into town and then leaving every night, we went into the country and lived with our old ladies and it was very comfortable and creative and relaxed. And after the sessions we would all go out boozing and dancing and it was the commonwealth spirit. Very good. I think we'll probably avoid doing the exact same thing for the next one — but I must say I'm tempted because it went so well.

HP: How did you find Peter Grant to manage you?

Paul: Well, there really wasn't any management coming out of Island Records at the time, so I phoned him up and asked him to come down and see us with an eye toward managing us. I felt that if we were really going to get this together - and it wasn't going to be a flash in the pan situation where it all sort of folds after six months - well, I wanted everything to be solid. I thought he was the best manager in the business. We didn't at that time know about his plans for the label, but we called him up and he was marvelous. When he came to see us

we didn't even have Boz at the time, it was just the three of us - but he saw potential and got behind us.

HP: Do you think it's easier for a band than for a solo artist in this business today?

Paul: Well, it depends on how you project, as a solo performer or as a band. With us it's that we're a band, that is our strength.

HP: Are you involved with your clothes much? Sometimes you look a bit ... gamey...

Paul: Yeah, well, it's Bad Company ... But I like clothes and nice ones and I like to have tight pants and things. I vary - sometimes I get really tidied up and then I'll look scruffy for days on end.

HP: Do you see a time where the band would get into co-ordinated costumes, or anything like that?

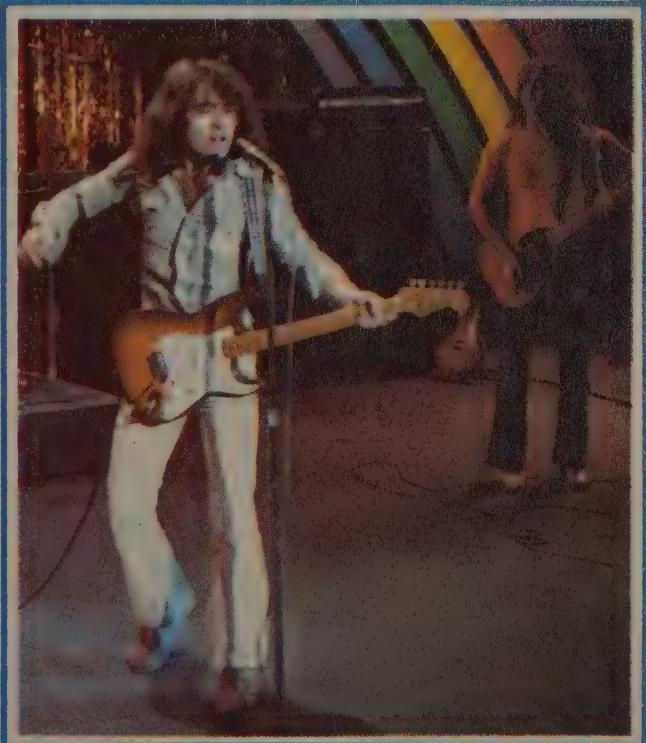
Paul: No, I certainly don't see that. I mean there's nothing wrong with it, and we are conscious about how we look, for it's a visual thing. I mean you might as well not go on at all if you're going to look drab. You've got to look bright or people won't see anything, really. But we're not *that* conscious. But I like getting carried away on stage a bit. For awhile there I sort of felt it was getting a bit contrived, so I just sort of stood still for awhile and let it happen naturally. And it has to be natural, I don't like an act that's an act.

HP: Do you and Mick plan out moves with each other?

Paul: Not really, although the other night for a laugh we did work something out but I doubt we'll get into it seriously onstage if at all.

HP: What is it?

Paul: It's really silly, I'm not going to tell you. You might be able to figure it out though. □



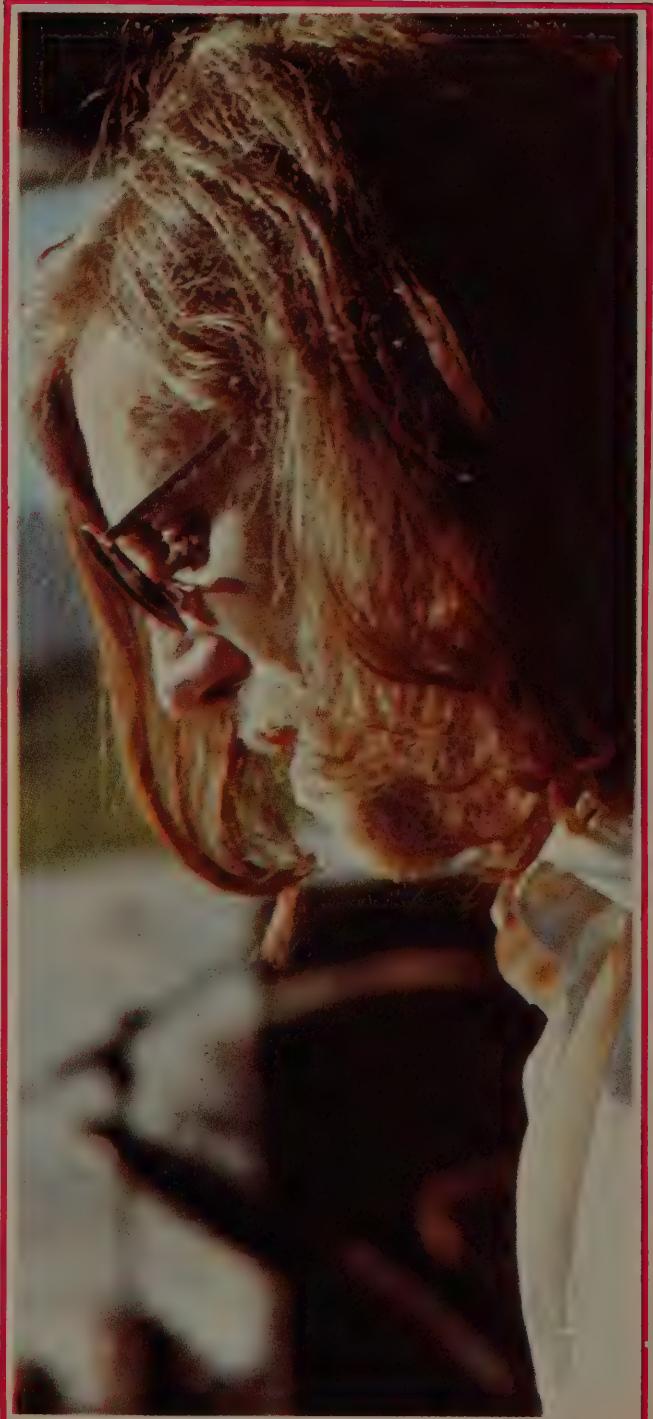
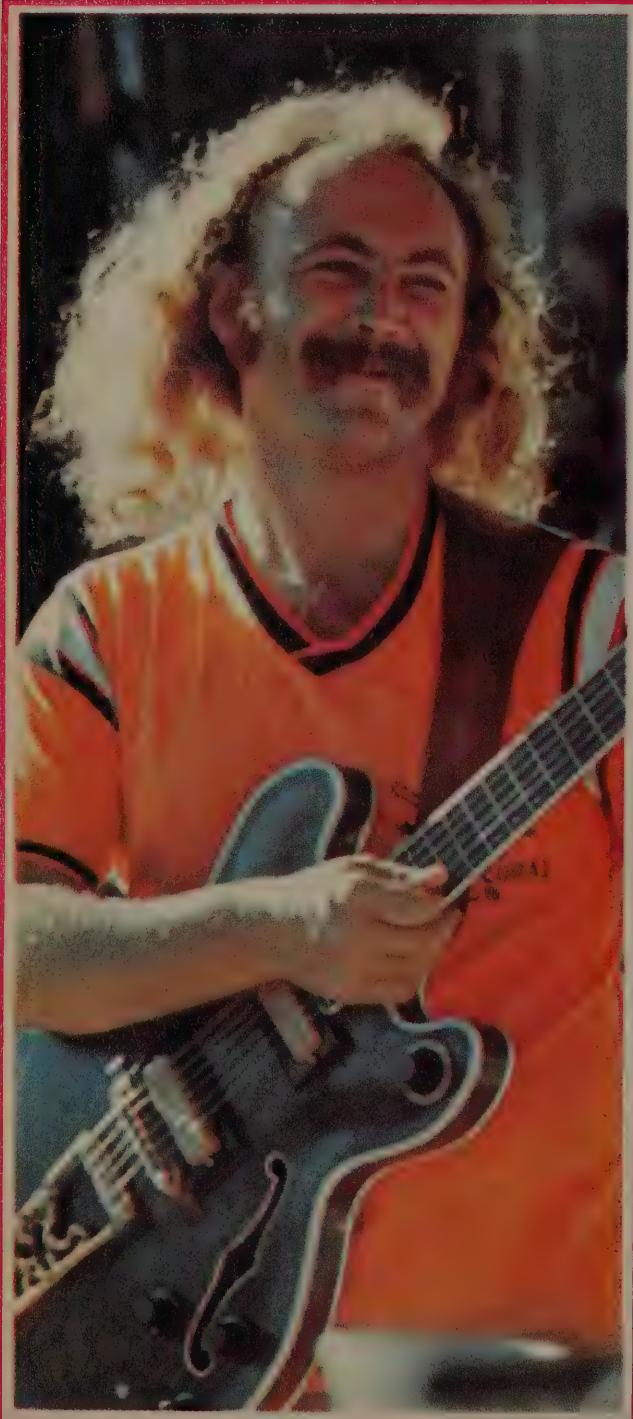
Andy Kent





CROSBY, STILLS, NASH, & YOUNG: “It’s Been A Long Time Coming”

By Lorelei Kilborne



Neal Preston

"It's been a long time comin'" goes the opening line of David Crosby's song "Long Time Gone". Although the song laments the slow pace of social and political change, those lines do fit the reunion of the first American supergroup, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. They've been gone their separate ways for nearly four years and finally reassembled for a summer tour this year. By the end of the tour in September close to a million fans paid an average ticket price of \$7.50 giving CSNY a gross of approximately \$7.5 million — not bad for a summer's work and an exceptionally big take even in the rock world.

Even though they performed as a

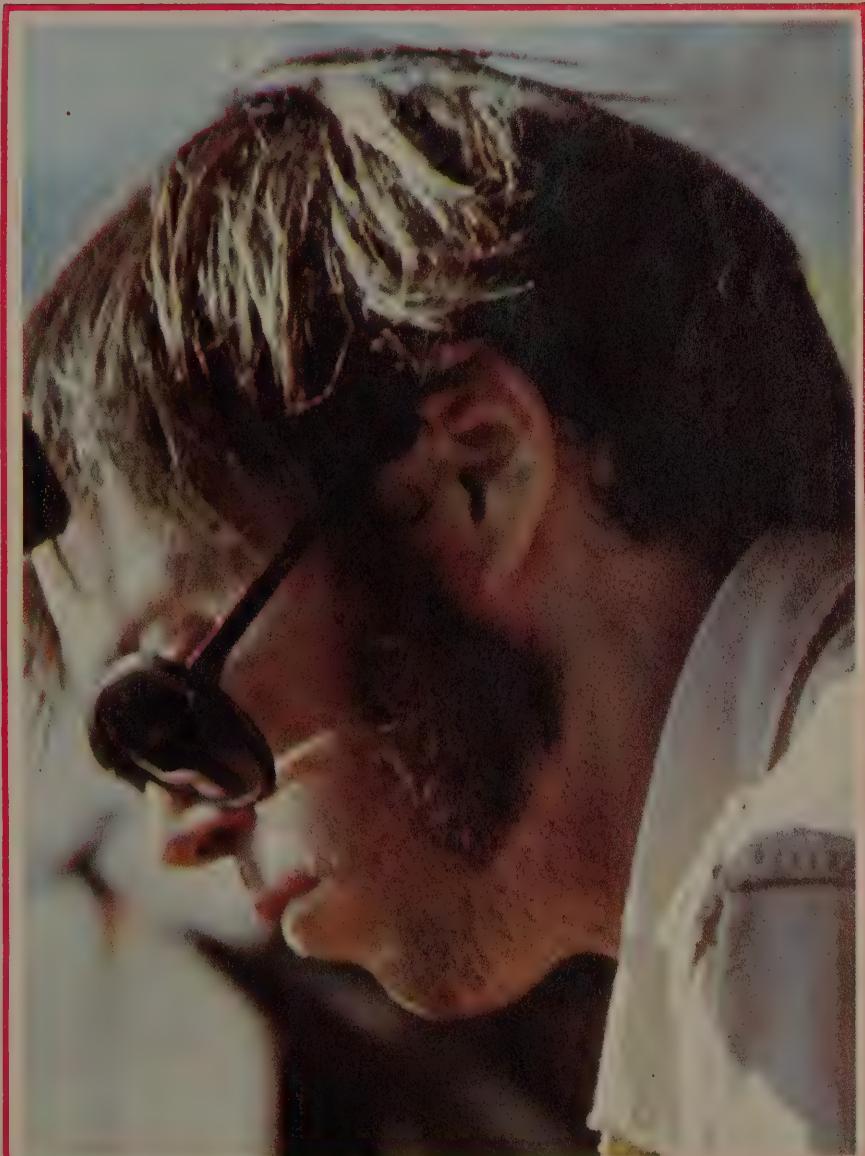
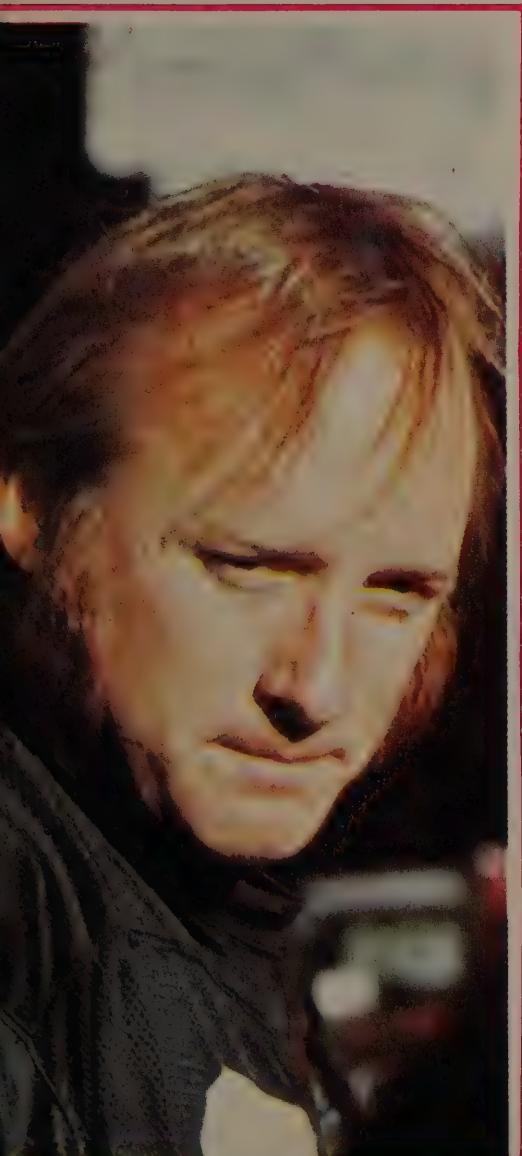
group only in 1969 and 1970, CSNY can still make millions today because the public hungers for their sound. Certainly many top rock artists are flourishing these days, but the mystique attached to the few real giants of the 1960's — the Beatles, Dylan, the Rolling Stones, Cream, and CSNY — still surpasses the allure of any of the younger acts. Each of these explains why the return this past year of Dylan, Eric Clapton, and CSNY have attracted such special attention from audiences and the media.

Not prime earth shakers in the same sense as the Beatles or Dylan, CSNY nevertheless did create a unique sound that has influenced groups like America, Loggins and Messina, Poco, Bread and Seals and Crofts. The breathtaking high harmonies of

CSNY's four voices working within a musical framework that managed to be both gentle and dynamic at the same time made for a truly beautiful, rich sound that none of their followers ever really equalled.

The songs each musician wrote for the group accurately reflected the feelings of young audiences who were seeking social and political justice, not with the strident voices of the early sixties but with the more passive tones fostered by the inner searchings of the new drug culture. At Woodstock that generation grasped a firm sense of identity by coming together en masse and CSNY's version of Joni Mitchell's song "Woodstock" became an anthem. Songs like Neil Young's "Ohio"

(continued on page 60)



Neal Preston



THE INTIMATE ROD STEWART

By Lisa Robinson

I had this very strange interview with Rod Stewart. Actually, lots of people in New York did. There's the story of the man from "After Dark" who went to see Rod as he was packing to leave New York on his way to L.A. The report was admiring the way Rod was carefully folding his acrylic color clothing into a silver trunk, and asked if he could try some of the stuff on. "Well," said the writer, "*I'm* never going to buy clothes like that — so I figured that this was a good opportunity." As Henry and Rod tried on jackets, and shirts, and ascots (Henry couldn't get into Rod's shoes), the publicist came into the room, stepping over the multitude of hair dryers and found the two in various stages of undress in the closet. It was all quite innocent I was assured, ("Dammit", said the writer), but still ... it was not your typical question and answer session.

Neither was mine. Rod and I sat in his gaudy red velvet bedroom, and I tried to ask him about his new album. Having not heard it yet (there's all these legal hassles that have been

holding the thing up and so all that was in evidence of "Smiler" was the cover art and liner sleeve), I was at a distinct disadvantage, I felt. But Rod immediately put me at ease. "Well Lisa, what do you want to know? I'll go through the tracks with you Lisa, shall I? Well ... that's a fast one, that's a slow one.

That's a medium one actually," he says, pointing to the liner sleeve, "and there are a couple of tracks here that no one will like but I did them because I wanted to hear them and I like the songs." Like which ones? "Like that one, right there. I don't think anyone is going to like it, but I did it anyway." (He was pointing to "You Make Me Feel Like a Natural Man".) I just changed it to "Natural Man" instead of "woman", I haven't heard any men do it," Rod continued, "I mean Aretha Franklin and Carole King did it, interesting thing to say, isn't that? SNORE"

"Side 6 isn't too good," Rod added. Seriously though, Rod said he did it over 10 months ago and it's been finished for about four months,

something he feels a bit frustrated about because one always wants to change things. "I love it though, really, it's definitely the best album yet in my opinion," Rod said. "A singer's album, really." I venture that he didn't write many of the songs himself, he says impatiently, "Oh now look Lisa, you aren't having a look ... that's me, R. Stewart, and that's another R. Stewart, and there another one — look again, R. Stewart".

So what about the legal hassles? "Oh I'm sure the readers wouldn't be interested in that." You'd be surprised. "Well, let's just say that I managed to get myself involved with two record companies. But it will all be worked out and the lp will be out on Sept. 15th in England and the 20th in the States." Is there a single, I ask. "yes, I'm a singer, yes." Uh, right- okay, who are all these people pictured on the back of the album cover? (There are a lot of people standing together on the back of the album cover; children, women, older people, Rod, Woody, others.) "Those



Photos By Lee Black Childers



are all the people that had absolutely nothing to do with the album. And there's my mum and dad and Ron Wood's mum and dad." Who are all the people who played on the lp? "Well, I have a list but I don't think it's going to make a very good tape, me reading."

Moving right along, I mention that Woody said he wouldn't let him cut his hair anymore (Rod wouldn't let Rod cut Rod's hair anymore — oh these two names get *so* confusing) because he sabotaged it. "Yeah," he smiled, "he sabotaged me right before the Fillmore East concert with Jeff Beck .., he cut a great big lump out of the back. I had to keep running 'round the stage, hiding it."

When Rod left New York, he went to Hollywood where, in addition to seeing his friend Elton, he filmed a documentary about himself for television. "I'm going out to Malibu and I'm going to do a little bit at the airport and it's going to be good fun," Rod said. "Russell Hardy, did you ever hear of him? Well — you know these talking guys that you have in this country? Well, that's what he does in England and he's very big; he's going to narrate it." Are you going to sing?

"Yeah, of course, I can't do anything else. How could I not sing on the

thing?" But no concerts, he emphasized, "that's boring". In regard to upcoming Faces plans, there are no plans yet as to where they'll play in New York; I'd like to do Broadway if that were possible," he said. Mott did it, I say. "Who?", he sez "Mott — you know, the Hoople. "Oh. Well, perhaps we'll do something along those lines."

We chatted a bit about his involvement with Ron Wood's "I've Got My Own Album To Do" lp and concert. "I didn't do that much on it really, I did a couple of bits singing here and there and helped him sing himself and helped a little in putting all the tracks together, but nothing worth crediting me for what was done on it. I enjoyed watching the concert, I really didn't enjoy partaking. There just wasn't enough for me to do, just coming on and singing a few background vocals. I don't think I'd want to do it again.

The same thing I felt when I did the "Tommy" thing — I don't like getting all worked up just to do three numbers and I did that Watford gig with Elton — are you still here?" I'm here. "Well, I did that Watford thing for him, but going on for three numbers is a bit much. He asked me to do it in the States with him, but I said no. The thing with these concerts is that In London everybody said

they would turn up and then they didn't"

Well, Keith turned up. "He didn't have much choice, he was in the band. But there were lots of other people who said they would come and play and they didn't." Does that happen with you, with your albums? Do people say they'll come and then they don't? "Me? Everybody shows up spot on. If I say quarter past then that's it. I'm very military when I get my albums together." Rod said something about having to read the lyrics to the songs when he performed at Woody's concert, and round about this time we started to stare sort of blankly at each other. "Come on," he said impatiently, "ask me some questions!"

Oh. Well, what was this about once you said you thought your album was boring in an interview and then you took it back, said you never said that? "That's a silly question, I bet when you play that back you'll say, 'that was a silly question'. Lisa." Would you care to comment? "You want me to speak?" Yes, please. "When I said that I was talking about the last Faces album, "Oooh La La" and I didn't think it was very good, and I said that it was not very good in public. Why shouldn't I? I didn't think it was very good. And I'll say it again. But there is a song on my own album that I



don't like now as well, in fact, I'm really getting to hate it."

What is this song called "Let Me Be Your Car", I ask. Written by Elton for his pal Rod. "Well" I may not be your ideal when you look into my eyes, I don't tell jokes, I'm not a custom built size, so baby let me take you on the highway for awhile, (Note: He's singing and pounding the bed) I'll show you where, the man in me is where it doesn't hide, it's cruising on the fast lane, stuck behind the wheel, Jekyll and Hyde don't belong inside, when I'm your automobile, Let me be your car for awhile child, Shift me Is that enough, Lisa?" Yes, thanks. "It has great lyrics, brilliant. Bernie is an exceptional lyricist. I'd certainly say that about him as he has about me."

Rod talked a bit more about "Tommy" and how stuck up he thought it was, didn't enjoy it. "I came on drunk and forgot the words, and then got slugged doing it. I don't care — they took it so seriously. I didn't even bother to learn the words, actually — (Bursts into song) "SINCE I WAS A YOUNG LAD I PLAYED THE SILVER BALL" — Now that's wrong for a start ... "FROM SOHO DOWN TO MEMPHIS" .. that's wrong too"

Anyway, what will happen now

that Woody's done his own album when the Faces go onstage? Will you do any of his songs? "Oh yes, and Kenny's doing a single and I didn't know he could sing but it's in tune and I'll just say 'come and do a number lads' ... I'll just do me two numbers, go home, and leave the rest up to Woody. Tetsu is doing his own e.p., I told him no one does them anymore, but he didn't even notice. Tetsu's all right — he's had a bit of trouble getting out of bed, still does sometimes, but otherwise he's all right. I think he feels a bit left out at the moment because he hasn't been in on the action, but he'll be all right. Once we start touring, he'll be sick and tired of the sight of us."

"We won't be doing 'Maggie May' anymore," Rod said defiantly. I don't care, I mumble ... but people will certainly be screaming for it. "Well, let them scream, we aren't going to play it, it's three years old." Bob Dylan performed 'Blowin in the Wind', I said, "Well, perhaps we might do it. It's funny how life goes on and on, isn't it? Nice eternal circle, just keep going on and on."

ARE YOU INFLUENCED BY RAY CHARLES? I ask, trying to keep us both awake at this point. All that midday drinking "Never really loved Ray Charles," ... Thank

god, I've found someone .. "Sam Cooke is better for me," Rod says, and I tell him they're doing a film of his life story. "Are they? And why wasn't I asked to play the part?? Oh! I know! I'm just a silly white man. WHO'S THE WHITEY???"

And so it went. I had nothing more to ask at the moment; (although there will be more in future issues of Hit Parader ..) all that wine, the publicist running around earlier mumbling about how Playgirl Magazine would give Rod \$4000 to pose nude for the centerfold (and Rod sez he won't do it), Rod's constant fondling of his, errr.leg ... and the impending arrival of the photographer to take pictures of Rod in his football shorts on the bed ... all this and heaven too.

Well, it had put me in a kind of vague stupor. So what we actually did, was turn off the tape recorder for awhile and gossiped "This is the good stuff," said Rod to manager Mike Gill who walked into the room bearing more wine, and it was — too. All juicy tidbits about who was dating who, who was running around with whose wife, Rod's social life ("I'M RAMPANT, I tell you, rampant!!", he said, annoyed that I asked him if he were married) — but funny thing, I don't remember any of it. I'm sure it's far better that way. □

"I Never See Stories About The Dave Clark Five Anymore"

By Wayne County

The British Invasion of the early mid-sixties spawned some of the most exciting and talented rock groups anyone, anywhere has ever seen. They still measure right up to the major rock groups of today and, in most cases, were and still are millions of times better! The British Invasion not only gave us a long awaited and overdue new sound, but it also gave us a whole new way of life and look. MOD.

I could hardly wait to buy my new copies of *Rave* and *Fab* to see what the newest Mod fashions and lingo were. I cut out pics of all my fave rave-up, gear English pop stars and copied the way they dressed. One day I was Brian Jones, Dave Clark or Herman! The next I was Cilla Black, Marianne Faithfull or Dusty Springfield!! As the lyrics to the Animals' hit song of that time goes, "It's my life and I'll do what I want." I heeded the call. I did what I wanted. I refused to stay tied down to my white levi's and penny loafers. I traded them in on black stove pipe trousers and high heeled "Beatle" boots. As the Yardbirds' "Mr. You're A Better Man Than I," came blasting out of my portable stereo, I stood in front of the mirror combing my blonde fringe down into my eyes and seeing how far down past my ears I could get it.

As the lyrics filtered through my room, so would my grandmother. Looking at all the pics taped up on my wall and all my lp covers arranged neatly on the shelves, she would then look at me and respond, "The Bible says that one of the signs that the

world is near comin' to an end is when the men go to lookin' and a actin' like women." "Get out of my room," I screamed, throwing a tube of Colgate tooth paste at her, knocking her glasses to the floor. Lucky for me they didn't break. Instead they fell and bounced silently on my "Beatles 4 Ever" scatter rug. "Saved by the Beatles," I thought to myself.

Yardbirds' lyrics came screeching from my stereo. "Can you judge a man by the way he wears his hair." "NO," I shouted outloud. Then I stalked over to my discs and picked out some of my fave lps. HERMANS HERMITS ON TOUR, THE ROLLING STONES NOW, THE SEARCHERS NEEDLES AND PINS, I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU BY DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, THE SWINGING BLUEJEANS, BEATLES SECOND ALBUM, MY GENERATION BY THE WHO AND LA RAVE, GEAR, FAB, DOLLY, KINKY, OHTRA, OHTRA DAVE CLARK FIVE!!!

Ohtra! La DAVE CLARK FIVE!!! FANTASIA!!! Raw, screaming sax! Twangy, thumping guitars! Kinky harmonica! Incredible organ! A fantastic machine gun drum beat! And that sexy, coarse, rough, having a wild weekend voice of lead singer Mike Smith! The perfect rock group combination! Pop rock if ever I heard it and how fab it is! It really burned me up and still does, when a lot of "Beatles Only" fans put down such a talented and exciting band. They would sneer and shun the DC5 off as Beatle

ripos. Not so at all!

They sounded nothing like the Beatles and besides having long hair they had a way of dressing all their own. Doctor Kildare shirts; white, tight stove pipe trousers and the heels on their Spanish boots were two inches higher than the Beatles's. Their hair was long for that time, but shorter than a lot of the groups such as The Stones or Pretty Things. Even the clean cut, sweet, zany, we love old ladies and babies, Beatles's hair was longer!

Now I've been raving about how fab the Dave Clark Five were and still are for ages. Those who have heard and seen me perform with my rock band the Backstreet Boys know of my obsession with these five handsome Tottenham lads. I always dedicate one of my songs to them and it always gets a rave up reaction. Sometimes I even appear onstage with the name of my heros, THE DAVE CLARK FIVE, taken from one of their lps, stuck securely in one of my Dusty Springfield wigs. For my last show I even borrowed the opening and closing drum riff of their huge selling number one hit "Bits and Pieces" and put it at the beginning and end of the old Joe Jones hit from the fifties "You Talk Too Much."

The song is done exactly as the DC5 themselves would do it and when they hear it, I'm sure they will flip out! I also have a big I LOVE THE DC5 button that I wear a lot. You just would not believe some of the reactions I get! Once I was in Max's Kansas City in High drag. I had on



one of my platinum Dusty Springfield wigs, with THE DAVE CLARK FIVE stuck in it and my I LOVE THE DC5 button. I had just come from a Mott The Hoople and New York Dolls gig and let me tell you, I was as high as a kite!!! I was feeling goooooo! Then some jerk from Westchester or south New Jersey or one of those places, came up to me. He said, "The Dave Clark Five, man they suck, the Beatles are where it's at man!. Then I noticed margarine stuck in his ugly, scraggly beard and I screamed in his face, "Paul is dead, thank God."

Then he said, "Hey man, don't get uppity. Hey are you a man or a woman?" I screamed, "I'm more of a man than you'll ever be, and more of a woman than you'll ever be able to get, you ugly pig." Then I stalked off singing, "Catch Us If You Can", the big hit from the DC5's fab movie, "Having A Wild Weekend." And believe you me honey, if that DC5 hater had of come near me again with that horrible ugly beard all full of margarine and God knows what else, his beard wouldn't have been the only thing with food on it!!! Such is my love and devotion for la rave DC5!!!

I had this fab friend in High School that everyone called Millie Mod, and let me tell you, she was wild for her time. She was one year older than me. I was 15 and she was 16, and together we were the holy terror! We were considered the school nuts. We even wore each others clothes! Once we both wore Beatle shirts with Rolling Stones buttons pinned on them. I wore a pair of white, tight trousers and three inch heeled Flamingo boots and a Ringo watch. She wore a mini skirt with Cilla Black shoes and a John Lennon hat with a Herman's Hermits button on it. Well needless to say we were both promptly sent home after being sent to the principal's office.

We were judged guilty of being different and sent home until we were ready to conform with the robots governing and attending our so called educational structure. Well we tamed down our appearance a bit, but we still somehow managed to retain our image. We were always the first in our school for wearing new styles and the first to be sent home! What really got me was that within a year everybody else would be wearing what we had been and we would be off on something new! Our school paper took a poll to see who were the most popular pop singers and it went something like this. The Four Seasons, The Beach Boys, The Beatles, Herman's Hermits, and Paul Revere and The Raiders. There were a few more but I've forgotten what they were. I think it was Tommy James and The Shondells or the Swinging Madallions or one of those.

The most adored male vocalists were Elvis, Tommy Roe, Billy Joe Royal, Gene Pitney and Keith Allison, one of the regulars on Dick Clark's "Where The Action Is.". He was supposed to be the American Paul McCartney. What a horrible thought! Two Paul McCartneys! The fave female vocalists were Petula Clark, Linda Scott, The Shangra Las,

The Supremes and Mary Wells. For some reason the female groups and single vocalists were lumped together. The most hated groups were The Stones and La DC5. They hated the Stones for being ugly, too queer looking and not being able to sing or play their guitars and the DC5 for being Beatle copycats.

If it hadn't been for Millie Mod I don't know what I would have done! We spent countless hours together cutting out pics of all the pop groups and putting them in our scrapbooks or up on our walls. We used to chat on ze telephono for hours about running away to England to live in Liverpool with the real Mods. When "Ferry Across The Mersey", came out, we went wild! We saw all the rock movies together. The Tami Show, Go, Go, Mania, Having A wild Weekend, A Hard Day's Night, Help. We sneaked off to ze big city one night (Atlanta) and saw Leather Boys.

Boy did we get a rush from that! It wasn't a rock movie, but one about two English teenagers getting married and all the trouble they go through. The guy starring in the movie has a motorbike mate who is in love with him. Mercytra! Well the theatre was an art theatre and in the "weird" section of Atlanta. The fourteenth street section it later became known as. In this area, all the artists, hips, druggers, drag queens, Mods, and Rockers and anything else that the so called normal, straight people refused to even think existed, lived. Millie and I, dressed in our wildest Mod drag, caused quite a sensation leaving the theatre. Next to the theatre was a gay bar called Chatty Cathy's T. Room, which featured nightly drag shows.

It was in this bar that I later got my start in show business. Millie used to help me with my wardrobe and makeup. We were quite the couple. When Sonny and Cher hit we did an act together. I was Cher of course! One of my bring the house down numbers was a strip I did to THE DAVE CLARK FIVE's version of the old Chris Keener hit, "I Like It Like That." All the queens loved it but couldn't understand my love for the DC5 or any of

the other rock groups especially those horrible Rolling Stones. They thought that I should like Judy Garland, Barbara Streisand and The Supremes.

There was one drag queen who was a Dusty Springfield freak and she would mime "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me." Another one of my numbers was dressing up in a little girl drag and miming "My Boy Lollipop." To them I was sheer camp and a bit off the wall, even for a drag queen! But I let them all know that I was Mod all the way. Everytime the DC5's disks would play over the radio, I would freak everyone else in the car out by bumping up and down in my seat and singing along with the record. People were always accusing me of being on drugs but all I did was screwdrivers.

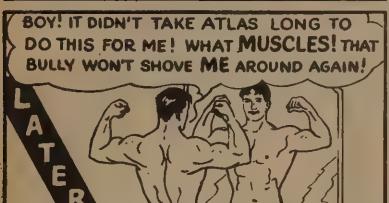
In Atlanta the big Beatle booster was a disc jockey named Paul Drew. He worked for WQXI and was responsible for getting the Beatles booked in Atlanta. He also booked Peter and Gordon, Herman, Paul Revere and The Raiders, Chad and Jeremy, the Kinks and all the Dick Clark Caravan of Stars shows. He was the station's English nut, as so to speak. He even had his own English hour, so everyone at my school knew all about the English groups even if they didn't like them, all that much. He used to close his show shouting "Yea, yea, yea."

He also was a big booster of my pets la gear DC5. He tried to book them in Atlanta but alas, all was in vain. Everytime he got them a booking something would happen. Trouble with management about money guarantees, refusal by the halls to book a long haired freak English group, or fear of fans destroying property. Long haired groups had quite a bit of trouble getting gigs in Atlanta unless there was a guarantee of a lot of money and no one was really sure if the DC5 would draw a big audience. Same trouble with the Stones. They were hated as well, with a passion! When the news got out that Mr. Drew was trying to book the Stones in Atlanta, the station got bomb threats! Others called in to say that Mick Jagger was a queer and that if they got a chance they were going to blow



Danny Fields

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his head off with a shotgun!!!

As it turned out the Stones nor the DC5 played in Atlanta! I was heartbroken. The Stones played in Statesborough, Ga. but I was in the hospital having my appendix removed. Later I heard that a large portion of the audience had spat and thrown bottles at them and that the Stones barely escaped with their lives!!! The DC5 played Memphis, but I missed out again because of money problems. Millie Mod did make it to Memphis however, and I was so jealous that I couldn't even speak to her over the telephone for a solid month! When I did start seeing her again, she tortured me day in and day out with her ravings about how she jumped up on the stage and grabbed Mike Smith! To get back at her I got hold of her DC5 scrapbook and wrote BEATLES ARE BETTER all over the front of it! She ranted and raged for weeks, but she never got me to confess that I was the villain!

As I mentioned before Paul Drew was Atlanta's Beatle Booster. He was an idol to all the Atlanta Mods and was voted the most popular disc jockey on the station. Millie and I sent in twenty five votes each ourselves! Well he booked Peter and Gordon who were extremely popular in Atlanta, at the Atlanta Municipal Auditorium, and was going to mc the show. Well Millie and I had worked up this fantastic fantasy about what a fantasia Mod he was and how georgeous he must be. Well when he walked out on that stage to announce Peter and Gordon, Millie and I could have died.

I mean you could have literally knocked us down with a feather! Here was a short fat man in his forties (To us he looked sixty!) wearing a tacky green and blue paisley shirt with a red sports jacket zebra striped tie. His pants were black with mucho lento and were baggy and cuffless! He had on a pair of Beatle boots and a Peter and Gordon sailor cap!!! Where he got that I'll never know. And we were so excited about finally getting to see Paul Drew, our Mod idol and Beatle Booster in person!!!

What a disappointment! And the most embarrassing thing was that he had on one of the most horrible looking Beatle wigs I had ever seen! It looked like the ones they used to sell in Woolworths!!! Well Peter and Gordon were a smash of course. Millie and I even got back to their dressing room and borrowed a pair of their boots and a hand full of peas and carrots that just happen to be lying in someone's cold dinner plate. By the last song the place had turned into a mad house. Girls screaming, and crying, people getting trampled, you know the whole bit. Well the audience had pushed its way up to the front of the stage and it looked as if there might be a bit of trouble. The guards came out to push the kids back and prevent girls from jumping up on the stage.

All of a sudden out bounced Paul Drew who was already the joke of the evening, waving his arms all up in the air. He was bending over to push some girls back

from the stage when one of the girls reached up and jerked his wig off, exposing a shiny, knobby bald head! Millie and I, along with most everyone around us started laughing and screaming in shock! There was this short, fat, bald man in this clowny, tacky, Mod outfit acting as hysterical as an old lady in a burning building! It was a hoot, let me tell you! It was the saddest but at the same time funniest thing I had ever seen! So much for our Beatle Boosting Mod idol!!!

I remember first hearing "Glad All Over", the DC5's first English and American hit, on my way to the grocery store for cat food. I had about eighteen cats all named after my fave pop stars. There was Dusty, a big yellow tom that used to get stuck under the house at night and screech his head off, because he was always getting himself trapped in the furnace pipe. Paul and Paula who were twins. Dion who died of heat exhaustion in the garage because someone locked him in there for four days without food or water.

I've always thought that they should have had a movie out called "Glad All Over". This rave hit along with "Bits And Peices", probably stands out in people's minds most as the most familiar DC5 tune. The fantasia thing about "Glad All Over" is that it knocked The Beatles' "Can't Buy Me Love" out of the number one position on the British charts! FAB!!! It caused such a sensation that the news appeared on the front pages of London's Daily Mail and Daily Mirror. Now that's publicity! Like a lot of the groups of that time, the DC5 began playing three nights a week in a London ballroom. Dave Clark brought the band together for the sole purpose of raising money at dances so that Dave's youth club football team could go to Holland for a game against a Dutch team.

So responsive were the audiences to our heroes that Dave decided to keep the group going and had cards printed offering the services of the DC5 for dances and various social functions. Well as time went on the DC5 received an invitation to play at the annual Buckingham Palace Staff Ball. That was the beginning of a popularity that gradually increased until public engagements in London produced near pandemonium among English teens. Dave, however, was not prepared to consider the group as a permanent band until "Glad All Over" made it to the number one spot.

Not long afterward a 2000 banner-carrying crowd of DC5 fans staged a protest march in a Tottenham ballroom and presented a 6000 name petition to the management because the DC5 were ending their six-weeks engagement. The band line up is: Dave Clark on drums and some vocals. Rick Huxley on bass, harmonica and guitar. Lenny Davidson on guitar. Denny Payton on sax and Mike Smith on lead vocals, organ and piano. They are All dolls!!!

Their first lp is sheer rock history! Brilliant! Fantasia!!! Side one starts out with their hit "Glad All Over" followed by "All Of The Time", a tune similar to

"Glad All Over" but with the organ doing more of a bump instead of a thump. Next is the old fifties hit by Maurice Williams, "Stay". I've never cared for this song by anyone, but the DCS give it an energetic thrust that the original could never offer. I was always expecting the Stones to record this. They could have really done it up right! Next is the instrumental "Chiquita".

This Dave Clark and Mike Smith original sounds like the Champs' "Tequila". It makes no difference. The DCS were always writing material that often sounded like other people's stuff. The DCS can do no wrong!!! Next is their incredible version of the old Contours' hit, "Do You Love Me". This is really fantastic! I used to play this upstairs at Max's when I was the disc jockey and the kids would go crazy. The hard driving organ and machine gun drum beat make this the perfect Rock and Roll dance song!

Side two opens with "Bits and Pieces". The Barron Knights do a great send up of this on their big hit single "Call Up The Groups". The Barron Knights in case you don't know were an English club group that did take offs on all the British rock bands. Later they also worked some of the top female vocalists and some American rock acts such as the Supremes into their act! "Bits And Pieces", was also a number one hit, and has become a rock classic. Next is "I Know You". This choppy sort of song ends with the same ending that the Shirrells used on their version of "Everybody Loves A Lover".

It works well here, a very clever idea, I must say. I think I'll use it on one of my songs! You-bam-you-bam-bam-you-you-you-bam! Next is "No Time To Lose", which has a "Twist and Shout" type of beat and feel to it. You know "La Bamba", all vamped up English beat boom style. Next is the old Stephen Foster song, believe it or not, "Doo Dah"! This has the old Bob B. Sox and The Blue Jeans beat. Same beat the DCS uses on "Zip A Dee Doo Dah." Someone else used this beat on "Swinging On A Star", but their name escapes me at the moment. Bob B. Sox also used this on their hit "How Much Is That Doggy In The Window (The one with the wa-gady ta-a-a-al.)" They also had a hit in the early sixties with "Zip A Dee Doo Dah." ... Inez Foxx and Charlie also used this beat on "Mockingbird." The DCS do a good version of "Doo Dah", and the Memphis horns are really excellent. The next track is pure Cozy Cole. Jazz instrumental in the fifties beatnik mould. Nice piano and sound effects. Mucho echo.

The track is called "Time", but I can't imagine why. Sounds more like it should have a title like "Spy In A Dark Bar" or "The Cat Walks Alone" or something very "cafe beatnik". It brings images of girls in dark glasses and black tights sitting in a circle reciting poems about death and drugs. It also brings me images of "The Pink Panther" cartoon show. The album closes with "She's All Mine." This is the usual sound that is very easily identifiable with the DCS. Choppy beat, zig-zag organ and chorus like chanting

of the lyrics over and over again. When I first purchased this lp, this was my fave track after the hits. The DCS's first lp is a masterpiece of rock, in the true British Beat Boom tradition.

I'll now scan through some of their other lp's and pick out the best tracks for you. Their second lp entitled "The Dave Clark Five Return", is in the same vein as their first, only this time they've managed to be a bit more creative with their material. There's a fantasia version of the Drifter's "On Broadway" on here. Also this lp contains two instrumentals that are worth the price of this lp alone. "Rumble" is a slow, pounding, at the docks type of number with raw, rageing saxaphones distorting to the limits of sheer ecstacy!!! Then "Theme Without A Name" sounds like the "Theme From A Summer Place". The standout track is their number one hit "Can't You See That She's Mine."

Fast, pulsating beat accompanied with that fine choppy organ and raw saxes. One of the best parts to this song is the rave up four note organ introduction, with the rest of the band crashing in on the fifth note! Utterly fantastic! The sax break in the middle is one of the best I have ever heard on any record! Another standout track is "Zip A Dee Doo Dah." This is a fantasia Bob B. Sox and La Blue Jeans' arrangement of the old Walt Disney tune from his full length cartoon flick "Song Of The South." Brilliant!

The pic on the front of the lp jacket is worth the album price alone. In fact I have a copy of it hanging on my bedroom wall. Georgeous pic of the boys dressed in white trousers and black jackets. Very handsome and sexy indeed! Dave is seated on a stool in the middle of the rest of the lads, with his legs spread with one leg propped up on his three inch heel. He has his arms folded together and an expression on his cute face that seems to say, "I'm a humpy stud number, don't you wish you could get into my pants?!" On the back of the lp jacket we learn that Dave likes Zephyr automobiles and used to work for movie studios as a stunt man! Also we learn that Mike Smith is 6'2" has dark brown hair and blue eyes! Yum-yum!

Mike is a true beauty! As far as I'm concerned, Apollo had nothing on him! Rick Huxley used to be a lighting designer and joined the group by answering as ad Dave put in the paper! Lenny Davidson worked for a steel tubing company, and he and Dave used to lift weights together. Mercytra! Take care of those geougeous bods, boys!!! Denny Payton was a draftsman and likes to listen to New Orleans Jazz. Well I must say, there are a couple of things that I would sure love to know about them!!!

The "I Like It Like That" lp has some real nice smooth ballads on it. "Please Love Me" is very Searcher's sounding. Good tight harmonies with a catchy melody as the backbone. You can really tell by this lp that they had decided to branch out as far as their sound was

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WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN

(As recorded by The Three Degrees)

K. GAMBLE
L. HUFF

Hoo-oo, ha-a, ha-a, hoo-oo
Precious moments
When will I see you again
When will we share precious moments
Will I have to wait forever
Will I have to suffer and cry the whole night thru
When will I see you again
When will our hearts beat together.

Are we in love or just friends
Is this my beginning or is this the end
When will I see you again
When will I see you again
When will I see you again.

Ha-a, hoo-oo
Precious moments
Are we in love or just friends
Is this my beginning or is this the end
When will I see you again
When will I see you again
When will I see you again.

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WHATEVER GETS YOU THRU THE NIGHT

(As recorded by John Lennon)

JOHN LENNON

Whatever gets you thru the night
'Salright, 'salright
It's your money or your life
'Salright, 'salright
Don't need a sword to cut thru flowers
Oh no, oh no
Whatever gets you thru your life
'Salright, 'salright
Do it wrong or do it right
'Salright, 'salright
Don't need a watch to waste your time
Oh no, oh no.

Hold me darlin' come on listen to me
I won't do you no harm
Trust me darlin' come on listen to me
Come on listen to me, come on listen, listen.

Whatever gets you to the light
'Salright, 'salright
Out the blue or out of sight
'Salright, 'salright
Don't need a gun to blow your mind
Oh no, oh no.

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I CAN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE (I Keep Holding On)

(As recorded by George McCrae)

H. W. CASEY
R. FINCH

Baby it happens when you're close to me

My heart stops beating
Hey what's gonna be oh.
I can't leave you alone
Can't leave you alone ooh
I can't leave you alone
Can't leave you alone
That's why I'll keep holding on
Keep holding on, keep holding on
Keep holding on, oh..

Darlin' I can possess your love
'Cause I love you, love you too much
I can't leave you alone
Can't leave you alone oh
I can't leave you alone
Can't leave you alone

That's why I'll keep holding on, keep holding on
Keep holding on, keep holding on
Holding on, oo oo

Leave you alone can't leave you
No can't leave you alone.

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SHE CALLED ME BABY

(As recorded by Charlie Rich)

HARLAN HOWARD

She called me baby, baby all night long
Used to hold and kiss me till the dawn
Then one day I awoke and she was gone
Now there's no more baby, baby all
night long.

She called me baby, baby all night long
Kissed my tears away when things
went wrong
Oh what I'd give if she'd just come back
home
And call me baby, baby all night long.

She called me baby, baby all night long
Held me up so high and made me strong
Now each night in dreams just like a
song
I still hear baby, baby all night long.

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AFTER THE GOLD RUSH

(As recorded by Prelude)

NEIL YOUNG

Well I dreamed I saw the knights in ar-
mour coming
Saying something about a queen
There were peasants singing and
drummers drumming and the archer
split the tree
There was a fanfare blowing to the sun
that was floating on the breeze
Look at Mother Nature on the run in the
Nineteen Seventies
Look at Mother Nature on the run in the
Nineteen Seventies
I was lying in a burned-out basement
with the full moon in my eyes
I was hoping for replacement when the
sun burst through the sky
There was a band playing in my head
and I felt like getting high
I was thinking about what a friend had
said
I was hoping it was a lie.

Well I dreamed I saw the silver space
ships flying in the yellow haze of the
sun

There were children crying and colors
flying all around the chosen ones
All in a dream, all in a dream the load-
ing had begun
Flying Mother Nature's silver seed to a
new home in the sun
Flying Mother Nature's silver seed to a
new home.

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HAPPINESS IS BEING WITH YOU

(As recorded by Tyrone Davis)

RICHARD PARKER

Caring for you and sharing with you
I find it so easy to do
Happiness is being with you
Happiness is being with you
I'm in love with you baby
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with
you
I'm in love with you
I enjoy watching you laugh at some
T.V. show
And sadness when the clock says that
it's time for me to go
I wanna be with you always.

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Inc.

COUNTRY SIDE OF LIFE

(As recorded by Wet Willie)

M. R. HIRSCH

You can have your buildings and your
heavy 'rithmetic
I don't need no crowded streets or city
slicker tricks
I just need to be some place where I can
move around
Look down at my toes and I can see the
ground, yeah.

Gimme the country side of life
A place where I can stretch out right
Gimme the country side
Oh Lord, gimme the country side of life
A place where I don't get up tight
Give me the country side.

Goin' down to my fishin' pond where I
can throw my line
Don't matter what fish I catch, I only
want to rest my mind
The only fish you get downtown ain't
caught with a hook and sinker
Put on your brakes, beep-beep, honk
your horn, look out, man, turn on your
blinker.

I was born in a Georgia town with a
natural lazy streak
Laid back lovers just playin' games and
stayin' off their feet
Nobody tryin' to get on your nerves or
tryin' to get what you got
Just live and let live by the golden rule
Now don't it just hit the spot.
(Repeat chorus)

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SHA-LA-LA (MAKE ME HAPPY)

(As recorded by Al Green)

AL GREEN

Sha-la, la, la, la, la, la oh baby
Sha-la, la, la, la, la, la oh baby
I've been gone so long
I don't know what to do
Oh baby and I hope you will know
All I've been going through
Oh make me happy baby so I can say
Sha-la, la, la, la and I love you
Sha-la, la, la, la thinking of you.

I know you can tell
What's on my mind
I've been feeling this way

For such a long time
Oh, make me happy baby
So I can say
Sha-la, la, la, la and I love you
Sha-la, la, la, la thinking of you.

I tried an experiment
Just won't die
Sha-la, la, la, la
Make you cry
It's something that
Just gets down in your bones
Once I've seen you
I can't leave you alone
Oh, make me happy baby
So I can say
Sha-la, la, la, la and I love you
Sha-la, la, la, la thinking of you.

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PRETZEL LOGIC

(As recorded by Steely Dan)

WALTER BECKER
DONALD FAGEN

I would love to tour the southland in a trav'ling minstrel show
Yes I'd love to tour the southland in a trav'ling minstrel show
Yes I'm dyin' to be a star and make them laugh
Sound just like a record on the phonograph
Those days are gone forever Over a long time ago
Oh yeah.

I have never met Napolean but I plan to find the time
I have never met Napolean but I plan to find the time

'Cause he looks so fine up on that hill
They tell me he was lonely he's lonely still
Those days are gone forever
Over a long time ago
Oh yeah.
I stepped upon the platform
A man gave me the news
He said "You must be joking son where did you get those shoes?"
Where did you get those shoes?"
Well I seen him on the T.V. the movie show
They say the times are changin' but I just don't know
These things are gone forever
Over a long time ago
Oh yeah.

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DISTANT LOVER

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye)

SANDRA GREENE
MARVIN GAYE
GWEN FUQUA

Distant lover, lover
(Love her, you love her, you love her)
Ooh so many miles away ooh
Heaven knows that I've longed for you
Ev'ry night, ev'ry night and sometimes I yearn through the day
Distant lover ooh, lover
You should think about me say a prayer for me
Please, please baby think about me sometime
Think about me here, here in misery, misery
As I reminisce oh baby through our joyful summer together
The promises we made of a daily letter
Then all of a sudden ev'rything seemed to explode

Now I gaze out my window sugar
Down a lonesome road, distant lover
(Love her, you love her, you love her)
Sugar how can you treat my heart so mean and cruel
Didn't you know sugar that ev'ry moment that I spent with you I treasured it like it was a precious jewel
Oh baby
Lawd have mercy
Oh baby girl
Don't go please
Come back baby
There's somethin' I wanna say
When you left you took all of me with you
Now Lord I wonder do you wanna hear me scream and plead
Please oh please baby
Come back home girl
Oh baby please.

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SWEET EXORCIST

(As recorded by Curtis Mayfield)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Come unto me, yeah
Come unto me, yeah
Come unto me, yeah.

Can I call this living
Letting the world take me out of my mind
With such heavy burdens it's hard for one to think sometimes.
I'm so down with depression
Ain't no use in me killing myself
With your values gone in this world there's hardly nothing left.

Sweet, sweet
Such restlessness
Such emphasis
Sweet exorcist
Woman I love you!

Ooh sometimes it's raining
And all around
It's like a thickening cloud
But the love she gives
It makes me feel so black and proud!
Ooh, ooh, ooh
So very mystifying
Flutters my heart like the Lord is calling me home
Ooh, baby, you make it so hard
For a man to sleep alone.

Ooh, ooh, ooh
Sweet, sweet
Such restlessness
Such emphasis
Sweet exorcist
Woman I love you!

I believe in the Spirit
I now believe in the Spirit
Traveling soul, all alone was a part of me
Out of this world
It don't take your eyes long to see.

Sweet, sweet
Such restlessness
Such emphasis
Sweet exorcist
Woman I love you!

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MY COUNTRY

(As recorded by Jud Strunk)

JUD STRUNK
DENNIS McCARTHY

I am the red clay canyons of the Colorado River.
I'm the Old Dominion in the rain
I'm a windswept battlefield at Vicksburg.
I'm the last two minutes of the game
I'm an Indiana cornfield on a hot summer's day
I'm a popsicle and the popcorn at the park
I'm suburban, I'm a slum
A forgotten fife and drum
I am underground Atlanta, after dark
I'm a street fight and a crap game up in Harlem
I'm the Rams
And I'm Your Old Kentucky Home
I'm a politician's cheater
I'm a two cheeseburger eater
I'm a couple
I'm a crowd
And I am alone.

I am Jack, and I am Bobby, and I am Martin Luther King
And with sorrow I have watched these

young men die
From riches and from rags I have buried them in flags
And I have loved them for they cared enough to try
And I have had my brothers beaten in the jungles of the cities
And I have seen them raped and pillaged on the plains
I made mistakes
But that's the breaks
So did Jesus for Christ's sake
And I'm willing to accept my share of blame

I'm Abe Lincoln
I'm a slave
I'm a coward
And I am brave
I'm a wino
I'm a lid.

I'm the Coca-Cola kid
I'm two-cent lemonade
I'm the fireman's parade
I am country, I am soul, I'm the blues
And rock and roll
And I won't stand for everything
My country is about
But I am willing to stand for my country
For I'm damn glad to be an American.

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EVERLASTING LOVE

(As recorded by Carl Carlton)

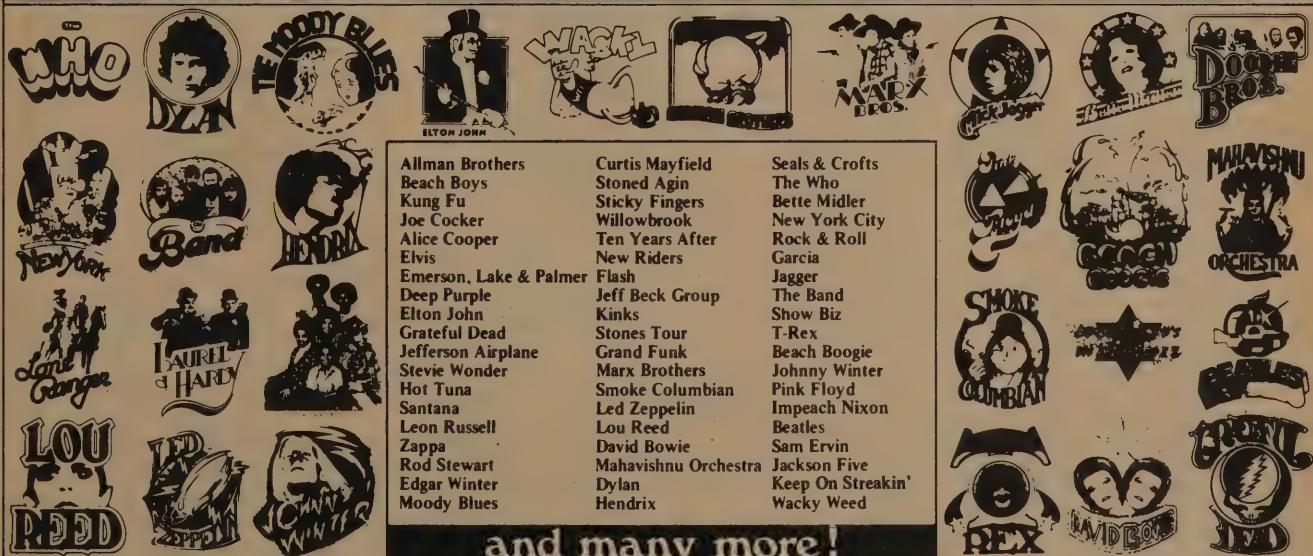
BUZZ CASON
MAC GAYDEN

Hearts go astray leaving hurt when they go
I went away just when you needed me so
Filled with regret I come back beggin' you
Forgive, forget where's the love we once knew?
Open up your eyes
Then you'll realize
Here I stand with my everlasting love
Need you by my side girl to be my bride
You'll never be denied everlasting love
From the very start open up your heart
Be a lasting part of everlasting love.
Where life's river flows no one really knows
Till someone's there to show the way to lasting love
Like the sun shines endlessly it shines
You always will be mine
It's eternal love
When other loves are gone ours will still be strong
We have our very own everlasting love.

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I FEEL A SONG IN MY HEART

(As recorded by Gladys Knight & The Pips)

TONY CAMILLO

MARY SAWYER

Ooo I loved you so
But why I loved you I'll never know
You found a reason for leaving soon as I
gave myself to you
And oh the pain you put me through
You know you killed my love for you
(But) I've found a reason for living
I'm thru with crying over you
And now.

I feel a song in my heart again
I've got to tell you he's twice the man
that you were
I knew as soon as I felt him looking
through me
I feel a song in my heart again
His kind of love I can never get enough
of
High on the things he's doing to me.

Oh the man is fine, oh wait the man is
mine
He makes me feel like a woman
Something that you could never do (and
now).

I feel a song in my heart again
Now I can open my eyes to a new dawn
I feel a song in my heart again
The man is all that I need to build my
love on.

I feel a song in my heart again
I found a man that can put it all
together
I feel a song in my heart again
I'm gonna love him and make it last
forever.

Oooo, he feels so good
But you, you never understood
He makes me feel like I'm something
I'm gonna keep him if I can (and).

Oh, I love him so
Oh yeah, I'm gonna make him know
Got so much love in my heart now
I'm gonna give it to the man (and now).

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ELTON JOHN

(continued from page 11)

were made for each other, in a very strange way. They never actually collaborated on a song, but the numbers they wrote were amazing, as if each could read the other's mind.

"He writes the words first," said Elton. "That's how it always happens. But don't call them poems. He does write poems, but he calls these things lyrics. And he gives them to me, and I leave them on top of the piano. And when I feel like writing a song, I go and write whatever is there."

"I look through them and see which one I fancy writing. And it never takes me more than half an hour to put any of his songs to music. It's a very weird relationship. We don't cooperate at all. It's completely split down the middle."

"Sometimes I'll repeat certain of his lines. But sometimes he writes a line over himself. It depends. In 'Take Me To The Pilot,' he even wrote the 'na na na' bit."

"It's very strange. He has a tune going over in his head. He can't sing or play. And he just thinks of a song where he has a sort of thing, and I dig it right out of his head. Most of the things that we've done have been written straight off without altering a word. Even the Indian song, which is about eight minutes long and in three main segments. I didn't have to alter a word."

Having found their secret of apart togetherness, Elton and Bernie soon began turning out masterpieces, some of which were discovered by Three Dog Night and used on albums by the American group. And soon a svelte Elton was talked into doing his own songs. But it took America to make him a superstar.

"The record company said it was worth coming over," Elton recalled, even though it was a money-losing proposition. "So we said, 'All right, we'll come'. And I was going to join up with Jeff Beck or he was going to join up with us and form a group, but that all fell through. And so we came. And the reaction from the first night — it was just incredible. Since that night — the first night we played in Los Angeles — every set we've played here and in England has gotten a standing ovation and encore. Every set without fail; that's just incredible."

So Elton has abandoned his dream of living a quiet life as a songwriter. Who needs dreams when your real life is a fantasy come true. □

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EASY STREET

(As recorded by The Edgar Winter Group)

DAN HARTMAN

Saturday night at the corner cafe
Had me some drinks and I'm feelin' my way
Moon's on the rise and it looks like a night for romance
Shufflin' down past the local hotel
Doin' the rounds like I'm under a spell
Must be the place yes I knew when she asked me to dance.

Oh I'm on easy, easy street
I'm on easy, easy street.

Seein' as how I'm a regular guy
Watchin' the girls of the evening go by
Got me a chance so I'm takin' it, makin' it last.
(Repeat chorus)

So if you feelin' you're a lonely man
And whenever you're down and need a gentle hand
There's always easy street and though you got it planned
Just remember boy it's only a one night stand
That's all
Guess I'll make it any way
That's where it's at
Easy street, U.S.A.

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PLAY SOMETHING SWEET (Brickyard Blues)

(As recorded by Three Dog Night)

ALLEN TOUSSAINT

Well I tried to run my game
She said man that's the same old thing
I've heard before
And I'm too tired to go for your show again and again.

And she started to explain
She said man I ain't sayin' what you're playin' just can't make it
But I just can't take it any more.

Play somethin' sweet
Play somethin' mellow
Play somethin' I can sink my teeth in like jello
Play somethin' I can understand
Play me some brickyard blues
Play somethin' sweet now
Now make it funky

Just make me lay back and grin like a monkey
Play somethin' I can understand
Play me some brickyard blues.
So I said to myself, I said 'self do you see
What is sailing through my soul
And I gotta have some more, don't you know.
(Repeat chorus)

Well I started to sweat, she said don't get upset
'Cause you just might break a string
And that won't do a thing for your show, no.

It's enough to make a light in the dark
It's enough to make a bite just a bark
It's enough to make a body move around
It's enough to make a rabbit hug a hound.

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THE BITCH IS BACK

(As recorded by Elton John)

ELTON JOHN
BERNIE TAUPIN

I was justified when I was five
Raisin cane I spit in your eye
Times are changin' now the poor get fat
But the fever's gonna catch you when the bitch gets back.

I'm a bitch, I'm a bitch
Oh the bitch is back
Stone cold sober as a matter of fact
I can bitch, I can bitch 'cause I'm better than you
It's the way that I move
And the things that I do oh.
Eat meat on Friday that's all right
I even like steak
On a Saturday night

I can bitch the best
At your social do's
I get high in the evening
Sniffing pots of glue.
(Repeat chorus)
I entertain by picking brains
Sell my soul
By dropping names
I don't like those
My God what's that
Oh it's full of nasty habits
When the bitch gets back.
(Repeat chorus)
Bitch, bitch the bitch is back.

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IT'S SEPTEMBER

(As recorded by Johnnie Taylor)

DENNIS GILMORE

It's September
I never thought you stay so
It's September

You been gone all summer long
That last long distant call you make
must have been a lie
'Cause you said you'll be home for the Fourth of July

Tell me why you're still gone
And it's October
Just two weeks till Halloween

Oh it's October baby
And I still ain't heard or seen hide nor hair of you

Why would you wanna make me blue
After I done all a man can do
And you know I've always taken good care of you
Tell the truth girl
Come on tell the truth.

Happy Thanksgiving baby
I don't wanna go on living
Happy Thanksgiving baby

Wonder to whom your love you're given
The children ask me every day
Why did mommy go away

And this would hurt me till you realize
Till you look into their eyes
Woman how long are you gonna be gone

Merry Christmas baby
I just sent this gift to remind you, just to remind you

You know the door is still open even though my heart is sadly broken
Girl I'm just hoping that you won't make me wait

'Cause I can't wait, I can't wait till next September

That's such a long, long time
Don't make me wait.

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SOMETHING'S MIGHTY, MIGHTY WRONG

(From Allied Artist Motion Picture, "Three The Hard Way")

(As recorded by The Impressions)

RICHARD TUFO
LOWRELL SIMON
TOM GREEN

Something's mighty, mighty wrong in my home while I'm gone
You see I, I get a strange feelin' that something's awfully wrong
I didn't get no answer when I rang my phone

Somebody's always there at my home
So I wonder Lord I wonder, what's going on.

Something's mighty, mighty wrong in my home while I'm gone, gone, gone
Yeah

Something's mighty, mighty wrong in my home while I'm gone, gone, gone
Yea

Something's mighty, mighty wrong in my home while I'm gone.

I heard the other fellas say what their woman won't do
But the ones who are talkin' are doing some checking too

Some of them got quite a surprise when they found out
The woman had told a lie.

(Repeat chorus)

I had a friend took care of biz
Caught his woman in the act
What'd he say there it is
Another partner said
Jody's got your girl and gone
So I believe I better do some checking in my home.

(Repeat chorus)

I had the operator dial the phone
Thought I dialed the wrong number, but
I was wrong
Can't do my work worried as can be to think she had the nerve to creep on me.

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I CAN HELP

(As recorded by Billy Swan)

BILLY SWAN

If you've got a problem
I don't care what it is
If you need a hand
I can assure you of this
I can help
I've got two strong arms
I can help
It would sure do me good to do you good
I can help.

It's a fact that people get lonely
Ain't nothing new
But a woman like you baby should
never have the blues

I can help
I've got two for me, let me help
It would sure do me good to do you good
Let me help.

When I go to sleep at night you're
always a part of my dreams
Holding me tight, telling me everything
I want to hear
Don't forget me baby
All you gotta do is call
You know how I feel about you
If I can do anything at all
Let me help
If your child needs a daddy
I can help
It would sure do me good to do you
good.

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I WASH MY HANDS OF THE WHOLE DAMN DEAL

(As recorded by New Birth)

JAMES BAKER
ALLEN FREY

Once you saw me laughin'
Once you saw me cryin' uh huh
Once you saw me so in pain you thought
I was dyin'
Then I needed some of what you had to
offer
But you offered me nothin'
And that's why I'm all for that's why
I'm sayin'

I wash my hands of the deal
I wash my hands of the whole damn
deal
I wash my hands of the deal
I wash my hands of the whole damn
deal
Right on, right on
Get away, get on down
Get away, get on down.

Aren't you sick 'n' tired of this plastic
coated situation
That stems from the killing of man to
the freezing of our nation
The better man washes his hands and
keeps on goin'
While the others stand by talking but
never knowing what they're doin'.
(Repeat chorus)

Once you saw me laughin'
Once you saw me cryin' uh huh
Once you saw me so in pain you thought
I was dyin'
Then I needed some of what you had to
offer
But you offered me nothin'
And that's why I'm all for that's why
I'm sayin'.
(Repeat chorus)

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THREE RING CIRCUS

(As recorded by Blue Magic)

JACK LAW

There's a three-ring circus
Where everybody's living just doing
their thing and turning the world
around
There's a house around the corner
where the music's always playing
And the funny people are letting their
hair grow down
Come on in
I'll take you there with me
Come on in

It's a place you'll have to see
Come on in
Just be yourself who cares
Come on in
It's better than a county fair
There's a shack across the street where
there's something goin' on
And the neighbors stare and wonder
just what it's worth
There's a three-ring circus
Where you're free to bide your time
So get your share it's the greatest show
on earth.

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WRITE ME A LETTER

(As recorded by The DeFranco Family)

TIM MARTIN
WALT MESKELL

If you won't take my calls
And you won't answer my knock
There must be something wrong
But girl now how can we talk?

Why don't you write me a letter
(Write me)
(Write me)
The sooner the better
(Write me)
(Write me)

All of this uncertainty is really hurtin'
me.

Left you on a Monday you said
ev'rything's fine
I tried to reach you Tuesday on the
telephone line
Wednesday thru to Friday I've been
tryin' to find just exactly what's on your
mind.

I asked your friends and neighbors if
they'd seen you around
The way they shake their heads I think
you're putting me down.
(Repeat chorus)

I'm lookin' for replacements for our
Saturday date
So use your pen and paper baby
Don't hesitate
Why don't you write me a letter
(Write me)
(Write me)
The sooner the better
All of this uncertainty is really hurtin'
me.

Come on write me (write me)
Write me (write me) write me a letter
Come on write me (write me)
Write me (write me) the sooner the
better
Come on.

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EIGHTEEN

(As recorded by Alice Cooper)

ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE
DENNIS DUNAWAY
NEAL SMITH
GLEN BUXTON

Lines form on my face and hands
Lines form from the ups and downs
I'm in the middle without any plans
I'm a boy and I'm a man
I'm eighteen and I don't know what I want
Eighteen I just don't know what I want
Eighteen I got to get away
I've got to get out of this place
I'll go running in outer space again.
I got a baby's brain and an old man's heart
Took eighteen years to get this far

Don't always know what I'm talking about
Feels like I'm living in the middle of doubt
'Cause I'm eighteen I get confused ev'ry day
Eighteen I just don't know what to say
Eighteen I got to get away
Lines form on my face and my hands
Lines form on the left and right.
I'm in the middle, the middle of life
I'm a boy and I'm a man
I'm eighteen and I like it
Yes I like it
Well I like it, love it, like it, love it
Eighteen, eighteen, eighteen
Eighteen and I like it.

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ASK ME

(As recorded by Ecstasy, Passion & Pain)

BARBARA GASKINS

Baby ask me to tell me what you want
me to do
Baby ask me tell me what's on your mind
I feel that you want to hug me
I feel that you want to kiss me
If that's what you want to do
Baby ask me I think you've got something to say
Give me just one more chance
And I've got to try and do it your way
Honey I'll be there when you need me
And I'll give you everything that I can
Let me be the one to make you feel like a man, like a man.
Baby ask me please don't hold out another day

Baby tell me what is it that you're trying to say
I feel that you want to get close to me
I believe that you want to love me
If that's what's bothering you.
Once upon a time I couldn't have you
And it hurt me way down inside
You might as well tell me you love me
'Cause I'm gonna make you mine all mine
You couldn't get along with what you had before
Don't think that this is the end
That you need someone who's more than a friend.
Baby ask me tell me what you want me to do
Baby ask me please don't hold out another day.

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THE BLACK-EYED BOYS

(As recorded by Paper Lace)

PETER CALLANDER
MITCH MURRAY

Oh the Black-eyed Boys they motorcycled into town
The people cried "It's the Black-eyed Gang all in white a super band"
And oh the Black-eyed Boys they laid a rockin' rhythm down
You feel a town start to come alive ev'ry time the Black-eyed Boys arrive
Well now the leader of the band he was the drummer
He beat a rhythm like a big tatoo
And you could see he put all his heart and soul in
The lead guitar he sat astride a rubber hummer and in behind there was a bass boy too
They pretty soon had the whole town

rock and rollin'.
Ev'rybody oh the Black-eyed Boys they had 'em dancin' in the street
They rocked along from the mornin' light on an' on into the night
And oh the Black-eyed Boys they kept the people on their feet
Cryin' oh let it never end wanna hear the Black-eyed Boys again
Oh the Black-eyed Boys layin' down a rockin' noise
Oh the high ride Black-eyed Boys.

Oh the Black-eyed Boys
Oh the Black-eyed Boys
Rock an' rollin', rock an' rollin', rock an' rollin'
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

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BACK HOME AGAIN

(As recorded by John Denver)

JOHN DENVER

There's a storm cross the valley
Clouds are rolling in
The afternoon is heavy on his shoulders
There's a truck out on the four lane
A mile or more away
Whinin' of his wheels just make it colder
He's an hour away from riding on your prayers up in the sky
Ten days on the road barely gone
There's a fire softly burning
Supper's on the stove
It's the light in your eyes that makes him warm.

Hey it's good to be back home again
Sometimes this old farm feels like a long lost friend
Yes hey it's good to be back home again.

There's all the news to tell him
How'd you spend your time
What's the latest thing the neighbors say
And your mother called last Friday
Sunshine made her cry
You felt the baby move just yesterday.
(Repeat chorus)

Oh the time that I can lay this tired old body down
Feel your fingers feather soft on me
The kisses that I live for
The love that lights my way
Happiness living with you brings me
It's the sweetest thing I know of
Just spending time with you
It's the little things that make a house a home
Like a fire softly burning
Supper on the stove
The light in your eyes that makes me warm.
(Repeat chorus)

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MY MELODY OF LOVE

(Herzen Haben Keine Fenster)

(As recorded by Bobby Vinton)

German words by Georg Buscher
English and Polish words by Bobby Vinton

I'm looking for a place to go
So I can be all alone
From thoughts and memories
So that when the music plays
I don't go back to the days
When love was you and me.

Oh, oh, moja droga ja cie kocham
Means that I love you so
Moja droga ja cie kocham
More than you'll ever know
Kocham ciebie calem serce
Love you with all my heart
Return to me, and always be
My melody of love.

Wish I had a place to hide
All my sorrow, all my pride
I just can't get along
Cause the love once so fine
Keeps on hurtin' all the time
Where did I go wrong.

(Repeat chorus)

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
My melody of love
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
My melody of love
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
My melody of love
Return to me, and always be
My melody of love.

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LOVE DON'T LOVE NOBODY

(As recorded by The Spinners)

J. JEFFERSON

C. SIMMONS

Sometimes a girl will come and go
You reach for love but life won't let you know
That in the end you'll still be loving her
But then she's gone you're all alone
I never learned to give myself
I've been a fool but right now I need someone else
Just like boy blue I'd, I'd blow my horn over you
Just lead me home
Baby I should have known.

It takes a fool to learn that love don't love nobody
It takes a fool to learn that love don't love no one
It takes a fool to learn that love don't love nobody
It takes a fool to learn that love don't love no one.

A sign of pain is on my face
A heartbeat stop but I won't take the blame
I gave her all the love I had within
My love was strong something went wrong.

It takes a fool to learn that love don't love nobody
It takes a fool to learn that love don't love no one
It takes a fool to learn that love don't love nobody
It takes a fool to learn that love don't love no one.

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WHATEVER YOU GOT, I WANT

(As recorded by The Jackson Five)

MEL LARSON
JERRY MARCELLINO
GENE MARCELLINO

Whatever you got I want
Whatever you want I'll give to you
Whatever you got I want
Whatever it takes I'm willing to do girl.

Girl your eyes speak
Your walk is rhythm in motion hum
You're too hot to handle
You're full of emotion girl
My pride's weak I can tell
I'm standing line again yeah

When you pass by guys double take, it's a crime yeah
Where there's a will there's a way
Even with the games you play
Girl you've got a one track mind
I'll make you mine to stay girl.
(Repeat chorus)

Got me right on your finger tips
But I'm gonna keep my balance, won't slip
Your sunshine ain't gonna melt my heart
If you let it shine on me we'll never part yeah

Where there's a will there's a way
Even with the games you play
Girl you've got a one track mind
I'll make you mine to stay now.
(Repeat chorus)

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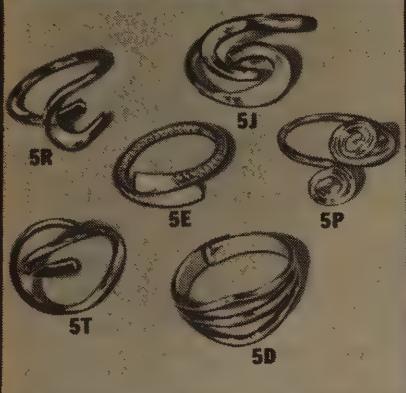
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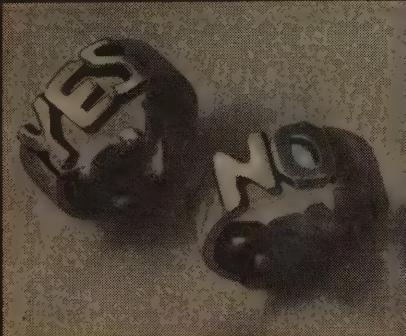
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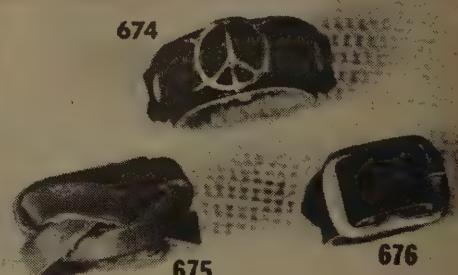
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CSNY

(continued from page 37)

(written after the Kent State massacre) and Graham Nash's "Chicago" clearly expressed the hope of the Woodstock generation. As Nash wrote: "Won't you please come to Chicago/Or else join the other side/We can change the world—/Re-arrange the world."

But neither the music nor the message would have been sufficient to raise CSNY to Olympian heights if also present hadn't been personal charisma. Before getting together in 1969, each member was already established in the rock firmament. Neil Young and Stephen Stills had emerged from the Buffalo Springfield, a Los Angeles-based band whose excellence as songwriters and musicians won critical acclaim. Nash had been in the Hollies, a successful British group for their vocal harmonies. And David Crosby had belonged to the Byrds, the first folk rock group. Aside from their musical credentials, each had a distinct public image: Young — moody, mysterious; Crosby - jovial, cocky; Stills — arrogant, hostile; Nash —

gentle, poetic. Although some of the groups inspired by CSNY may have made hit records, not one ever projected the personality necessary to thoroughly captivate both the public and the press.

Of course, the force of those four strong personalities caused them to disband in less than two years and make solo albums and appearances. As Graham Nash told me on a visit to New York last February from his San Francisco home: "What broke CSNY up was total, stupid infantile ego problems. And what'll bring it together again is good music."

Music finally won last spring when manager Elliot Roberts at last got firm commitments from each man to do a summer tour. Even so, promoters in different cities demanded deposits from the group because twice before in the past two years scheduled CSNY tours had fallen through. CSNY didn't strike out on this third try and talking on the telephone from Denver where he was about to perform for 60,000 people, Graham Nash was exuberant. "The tour shines," he said. "The magic is undeniable. I knew the first day of rehearsal in June that it

would come off when we picked up our electric guitars and Stephen and Neil took a solo and looked each other in the eyes. And it was OK because if those two people get along, me and David are cool. We have recognized that the feelings we had when we broke up weren't real. They were just human trips. Now people are allowing each other to exist instead of suspecting each other all the time. If someone wants to sing a certain song, no one's going to argue. Everyone's leaving a great deal of musical space for each other onstage."

Far from sticking to CSNY's greatest hits, the band is also performing new material during a three and a half hour program divided between electric and acoustic sets. Supplementing CSNY's guitars are Tim Drummond on bass, Joe Lala on percussion and Russ Kunkel on drums.

"We decided," explained Nash, "to let people know that we were really serious about playing for them and wanting to get them off. We've been playing to large crowds in large arenas and stadiums but it's amaz-



Robin Mandell

ingly intimate. I was totally surprised with how quiet 50,000 people could be. Do you know Neil's song 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart'? Do you know how difficult it would be to sing that song with no instruments at all to 50,000 people? Do you know that we've been doing that and everyone's been singing and swaying and just right there. It seems like 50,000 people are no rowdier than 10,000 people."

There are plans to record the Nassau dates live but not release them on disk. This month Atlantic Records is issuing a CSNY retrospective album titled *So Far* (Atlantic SD 18100). And the band does plan to record a brand-new album. According to Nash: "We'll either split at the end of the tour and then come back together to record or else we'll continue the ball of energy that we've got started and record right after we go back home to California."

Nash wants to emphasize that above all CSNY audiences will get what he calls "a good hit for their money." He pointed out: "They're going to be put in a really fine place and hear some really fine music and words that I can't see around much any more. I'm talking about good songs about love, about good feelings between people about issues that are going on today, about yourself and about those spaces between people that makes them uncomfortable to reach out and touch another person.

"For a band to get as big as we did and then not play for four years, is totally absurd," he continues. "If we had wanted to be in it for the money or the glory we could have kept going and made millions and millions, but we didn't because it didn't feel right between us. Now it does and it's wonderful. One of the things that has really impressed me on this tour is the longevity of the music. The waves created by our original music are still being felt. As an artist I feel complimented greatly because it means that our art is what it is and not who we are personally. In terms of history, I'm after the art to last, not the people."

To the fans who flocked to buy tickets as soon as the tour was announced the music still has its power. And the influence CSNY has had on other musicians does prove its creative validity. But most important, by performing new songs and planning to record a new LP, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young is not returning to milk the nostalgia craze but to continue contributing to the growth of rock 'n' roll. □

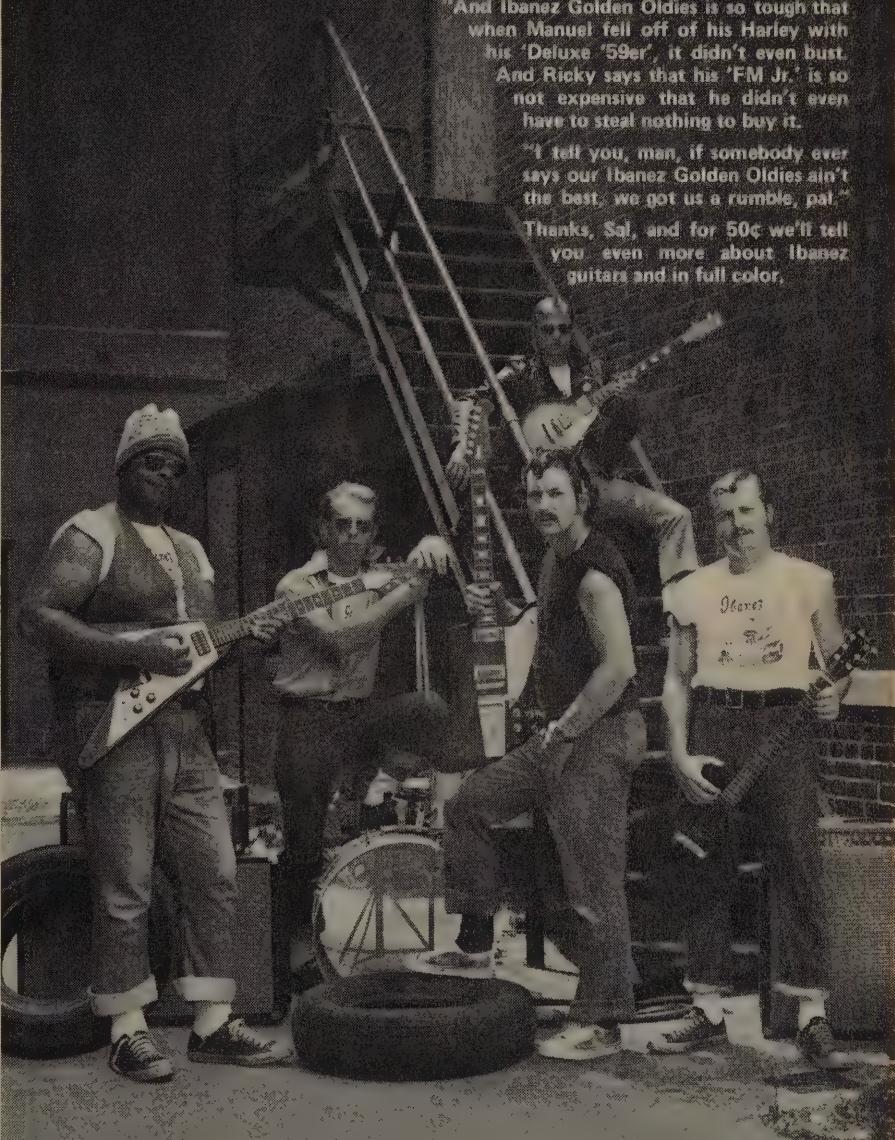
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RON WOOD

(continued from page 9)

with that in mind. The concert we did together in England for me, was great; it was a step up from the Clapton gig."

"I didn't have to take the blame for any particular ego thing - I wanted to show off the boys, you know - otherwise they wouldn't have been seen in public. People wouldn't have seen Willie and Andy. And Keith getting away from the Stones — well, it was like a breath of fresh air." (Does Ron think that Keith might feel like he wants to do something like an album on his own...) "Yeah, I think he should and to hear him talk about the fact that he might be great, and he is toying with the idea."

As far as doing similar concerts in the U.S., Woody said that he definitely wanted to do it, but would have to wait until Keith could come. "It might be next year, it certainly couldn't be this month! - but there is no one else who could do it. I wanted two guitars and I just can't think of anybody else who fits into that."

And as for the Faces, "I'm looking forward to this tour," he said, "we were coming to the States so much awhile back that we had to stop - we didn't want to over-expose ourselves. I like the music now, I got off on the Bexam (?) Festival because we had the Memphis Horns with us. In Belgium it was good because it was just the five of us again, and we did "Sweet Little Rock & Roller" off Rod's lp and "Take A Look At The Guy" off of mine. I'll do some of mine with the lads this tour too - whatever works, we'll do."

"I guess there was a time when I felt that the Faces music was going stale - but without really knowing it, you know. Like I never woke up in the morning and said 'oh, I'm bored with this band', it was a stage we went through without really realizing it. I think Rod got depressed and that's why he let rip in the press. It's understandable because we were like

steeped in not many ideas and loads of studio time. Anyway - looking back on that, I still like that album, it might not gel, and it wasn't a big seller, but I liked it."

The Formal Interview Over, all of us - photog and Warner execs, Woody and me, trekked out to The Palm; one of New York's finer restaurants featuring only the best in steaks and lobsters. Lots of gossip about the Clapton tour and Rod and Mick (it's these *names* popping up again) coming to New York the following day and how would Woody get to see them all, and I told him I gave his "I've Got My Own Album To Do" t-shirt to Kitty Bruce and Ron immediately wanted to meet her and we tried to act fairly sedate. But there's always this *thing* about even the most adorable, mildmannered British popstars ... they start getting a bit lively, and they miss their mates, and before you know it a lobster claw or two is being tossed about the table.

(I could just visualize the scene if Rod or Mick were there ... all those shouted "BO-RINGS" ... rugby songs ... whatever it is that they all do when they get together.) But we had a lovely meal actually, even though Woody didn't care much for New York's finest lobster, and then it was off to the - what else - 82 Club. Woody by this time was singing "It's Only Rock & Roll But I Splice It" and this reporter was making frantic arrangements to get inside the club without having to wait on what we thought would be a long line to get inside to see the Dolls. As the limo pulled up we were confronted by the usual terrifying tableau that is a permanent fixture in front of the 82; something like a cross between outtakes from "Fellin Satyricon" and public service TV ads to help the mentally retarded.

It is not attractive at all outside the 82 Club. Inside ain't much better; it really makes one long desperately for the Speakeasy. (I must make note that for one week last spring the 82 was *great*; lots of real underground New York drag queens, people dancing, an occasional

rockstar. But what happened when ALL of the bands started hanging out there was that it attracted the real glitter trash - the real drag queens - you must be able to make this distinction - went to the lowlife and dangerous S & M and leather bars *all* the way near the river. Hopefully, those places won't become too fashionable...)

Anyway - we were ushered to a table with the help of a \$20 tip to the right person, and as people started recognizing Woody and we couldn't see the stage anyway, we left; much to the relief of Warner Brothers' exec Alan Rosenberg who doesn't like the crowded places. (It would be some 19 days later before Woody was to return to the 82 - this time in the company of Jimmy Page and Mick Jagger and one would presume that he had a livelier time.) From New York it was on to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

And on the phone — Atlanta, Raleigh, New Orleans, Houston ... (and then back for that three year tour.) ... a fairly sedate, productive promo tour. With the exception of the night in L.A. when Woody and Warners' Russ Shaw were held up in the parking lot outside of the Egg and I (restaurant). They had to surrender all their cash, traveler's checks and some clothes that were in the back of the car, but other than that they weren't hurt. Hasn't something like this happened on a previous tour with Ron Wood?

Luggage being stolen, or something like that? Oh well, it didn't happen in New York for a change. When reached in his hotel suite several hours prior to his US departure, Woody said that he had lost everything that mattered to him during that robbery; except that they mailed his passport and airline ticket back to him. "The tour was fantastic though," he said, "I did my coast-to-coast bit. And you know," he laughed, "not only was it great for my lp - but it took some of the dust off the old Faces lps as well! There was actually one Faces album that had a half inch of dust on it!" □ Lisa Robinson



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DAVE CLARK FIVE

(continued from page 45)

concerned. The instrumental "Pumping" has an old juke blues feel to it. It sort of reminds me to the Shadows of Knight. Weren't they from Chicago? Little Walter would love this track. "I Need Love" sounds like Paul Revere and The Raiders doing the Animals' "I'm Crying"! The best track is the title "I Like It Like That". Once again La DC5 come up with their version being better than the original. Chris Kenner forgive me, but it's true!

After our handsome lads had such a big hit with their slower, laid back single, "Because" they decided to try the formula out again. The result was "Satisfied With You". It wasn't a top tenner like "Because", but it reached the top twenty. This was of course followed with a "Satisfied With You" lp. Once again a beautiful lp cover pic, with the boys looking more handsome than ever. White Tom Jones shirts with giant collars and a double set of buttons down the front. The type you used to see at a Four Tops concert and can still see at a Temptations' show. Dark trousers worn with blue, red and white stretch belts. The kind that hook in front with a fake gold plated ring. Very Mod for that time, very tacky for now, but the DC5 would look good in or not in anything! I wonder what they look like naked? Humpy I'm sure! Oh my God! I'm looking at the lp cover right now and Mike is making me cream in my jeans!!! Oh if slavery was only legal!

All the lads are posed around Dave holding a picture frame in front of him, as

Dave grins from ear to ear, posed elegantly behind it! Lots of syrup on this lp. Musically I mean! I'm not down to making it with my DC5 covers yet!!! "Please Tell Me Why", has a great Polish Polka feel to it, with a bit of rock va va voom thrown in. "I Still Need You", is very early Them sounding. Very much in the "Mystic Eyes", feel. "It'll Only Hurt For A Little While", is a nice moody ballad. That's what someone said to me my first time! There's a great version of the Young Rascals' hit "Good Lovin" here. Great to have just so you can say to someone, "I have the DC5's version of "Good Lovin". "Look Before You Leap", should have been a single. Great catchy Am stuff.

The "Try Too Hard" lp is in the same vein as the "Satisfied With You" lp. Lots of slow, moody ballads, along with the usual fast, pounding, choppy DC5 numbers. "Ever Since You've Been Away", sounds like "Ghost Riders In The Sky", with a bit of "Telstar", thrown in. "I Know", is not the old Barbara George hit. It's the Bo Diddley beat all done up with the usual DC5 treatment and it rocks. Mike sounds awful hoarse on this track, and it adds just the right amount of roughness. The best track on this lp is once again the hit, "Try Too Hard".

This was also a top ten hit. I would like to add that the DC5 were more popular here in the states than in England. While most of the girls were flipping for the clean cut long hairs, the British kids were going wild over the Stones, Them, The Pretty Things and P.J. Proby. Not that the British teens didn't have their share of clean cutters. Remember Mike Berry, Cliff Richards, The Ryan twins and the

Walker Brothers? Oh those Walkers! "Having A Wild Weekend With The Dave Clark Five", is the perfect lp to throw on your stereo when you're feeling depressed or down in the dumps.

It would be absolutely impossible to stay still while the title track "Having A Wild Weekend", plays!!! An immediate up. If someone were to ask me my definition of Rock n' Roll, I would simply play them this song. It's pure get up and stand up on a table and swing from the light fixtures and literally destroy anything, everything around you, Rock n' Roll!!! Utterly, utterly stupendous! Raging saxaphones in the grand Little Richard tradition. Some of the best Chuck Berry influenced piano playing I have ever heard! The drums alone would set off an earthquake, sink Manhattan and give Steven Stills a migraine headache and a heart attack at the same time. Someone should mail it to him. "Dum Dee Dee Dum", is especially a fave of mine because it sounds exactly Dwain Eddie and The Rebel Rousers! Complete with echo yelling and the twang that made Dwain Eddie so famous.

If I had heard this without before hand knowing who it was, I would swear it was Dwain Eddie. "Catch Us If You Can", has always been one of my faves. This was a top tenner and a prime example of the drum sound that became a DC5 trademark. "When I'm Alone", sounds like perfect background music for a Miss Kitty saloon scene in Gunsmoke. "If You Come Back", also sounds cowboyish. Makes me think of a bunch of cowhands sitting around a campfire at night during a cattle drive.



"THE DAVE CLARK FIVES GREATEST HITS #1" is really a treat to have. It's just dolly listening to all their hits one after the other without sometimes skipping around on their other albums. Also there's some fantasia liner notes on the back of the lp jacket by 16 Magazines Gloria Stavers! Go Gloria Go! Incidentally, Gloria is my old boss! The entire time I worked for her I was utterly terrified of her! For awhile I was even afraid to talk to her. Once after work, we shared an elevator down together and I thought I was going to faint! I was never so nervous!

From all the stories I had heard, I was expecting her to start screaming and trying to claw me to death! But I just want to say that I have never worked for a nicer person. I can remember reading 16 when I was in school, and seeing her name and thinking, what a glamorous and talented person she must be. I never dreamed that one day I would be working for her! Now let's see what we learn from her on the back of this DC5 album jacket. Fantasia! The DC5 are the only English group to be invited to appear on the ED Sullivan show over ten times!

We also learn that Dave Clark himself produced this lp. In fact Dave produced just about all of the groups albums except the first two who were produced by Adrian Clark. Who is Adrian Clark? Dave's brother maybe? Too bad Adrian didn't start his own group, then we would have had the DC5 and the AC5!!! The rest of the tracks are: "Over and Over", another oldie that's better than the original! Lloyd Price had the original hit in 1958. "Any Way You Want It", is like a train. There's a continuous, droning sax that doesn't let up for a second.

Just over that is the rest of the music via mucho echo and great storm troopers foot marching effects. This was also a top ten hit. This greatest hits album with Gloria Stavers notes on the back is a collectors item. I have eight copies of it myself. If you have a chance to grab this piece of rock history, honey grab! Think how much this lp will be worth in twenty years!!! It's already a priceless gem!

There's an English lp called "Session With The Dave Clark Five", that's worth having mostly because of the fantastic pic on the cover of the jacket. The boys are in white shirts with Catholic priest type collars and white tight trousers, all looking georgeous as usual. I don't think I've ever seen a bad pic of them! The tracks are the same as are on "The Dave Clark Five Return", with two tracks from their first American lp thrown in. That's twelve tracks. Their American lps (Epic) always had only eleven.

The next lp is the movie sound track called "Get Yourself A College Girl." This was one of those movies that's so horrible that it's a camp! You know, you laugh your way through the entire movie but at things that weren't meant to be funny at all. This flick starred Mary Ann Mobley, Chad Everett (She's a hoot herself!) Joan O'Brien, Nancy Sinatra and Chris Noel. The guest stars are The

Jimmy Smith Trio, Stan Getz and Astrud Gilberto doing "The Girl From Ipanema", The Standells singing the old Larry William's hit from the fifties, "Bony Maronie", and "The Swim", (Ye Gods!) The Animals and The Dave Clark Five. I would like to say that the Standells are another group that never got all the credit due to them for being a fantastic rock band.

They were an American group that had a big top ten hit called "Dirty Water", in 1965. They made frequent appearances on Dick Clark's "Where The Action Is", and American Bandstand. They were also one of the first American long haired groups. Some of their other hits were, "Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White", and "Riot On Sunset Strip". They were very underrated! Now back to the movie. The Animals sang Chuck Berry's "Around and Around", and "Blue Feeling". Both of these songs are on the Animals' first American lp. I went to see this flick when it first came out mainly of course because it had my faves the DC5! They sang two songs. "Thinking Of You Baby", and "Whenever You're Around". "Thinking Of You Baby", sounds like something from the Animals' first lp! Complete with Memphis beat via Lonnie Mack, the guitar sounds alot like the guitar leads in the Animals' "I'm Crying".

What's so funny is that "I'm Crying", is from the Animals' second lp! How the DC5 managed to make something that sounds like a track from the Animals' second lp sound like it comes from the Animals first lp, is beyond me, but what a grand feat!!! "Whenever Your'e Around", is a soft, soft love ballad. Very ordinary, but very pretty. Good vocals with dreamy, sleepy guitar. The lp cover is horrible and tacky. Cut outs of all the stars against orange, green, purple and off yellow backgrounds! It would look a camp up on the wall, especially next to a Warhol or Dalli!

Next we have a real collectors' item. "The 1965 Dave Clark Five Talk Album". I truly cherish this lp. I found it for fifty cents at a Help The Junkys flea market in the East Village. It's just full of fab tib bits like interviews, news and info on la fab five. This is one of those "On Tour With Ed Rudy", lps you've heard so much about. The pic on the front is a reprint from Teen Ville Magazine. This lp is a rare collector's item worth a fortune! There's a priceless pic of the lads on the back of the lp jacket in a gym working out! They're dressed in t shirts and sneakers showing off their fab muscles!!! Mercytra!!!

The next lp I'll talk about is a British lp called "History Of British Pop Vol. 3". This lp contains twelve of the DC5's hits, three of which I had never heard until I obtained the lp. The other nine are the familiar hits, except for "You've Got What It Takes". This was recorded during the latter part of their career and didn't get as much air play or attention. The front of the jacket is strikingly beautiful. There's a pic that doesn't look like a pic at all, but looks more like a mirror reflection. The boys are posed all sit-

ting on orange and white cylinders holding guitars. They look as if someone told them to look like they're picking out chords to a new song.

They're all dressed in white except for the black strips going down the side of their trousers. Behind them are futuristic tall silver and glass cylinders. This is all posed in front of a blue and grey background complete with shiny silver grey floor. The band's reflection can be seen in the floor which adds a stunning effect. This "Pic" is sitting in a Victorian chair with English flag upholstering, against a green background. Stunning! This lp contains Chuck Berry's "Reelin and Rockin". Again let me say that this is better than the originals! That in itself is a grand feat! Also we have "The Red Balloon", and "Nineteen Days", two later DC5 hits that never made it in the states but for some reason were hits in Britain.

"The Red Balloon", is not the old familiar, foot stomping early DC5 sound. This song is complete with church bells, trumpets and a low bassy drum sound that is so different from most of their earlier "Nineteen Days", although modernized to show people that the DC5 know how to change with the times, is very much in the good old DC5 tradition. Now, there is a track on this lp that is one of the very, very best things the DC5 have ever recorded. It's the old Berry Gordy tune, "You've Got What It Takes". Once again they leave the original far, far behind!

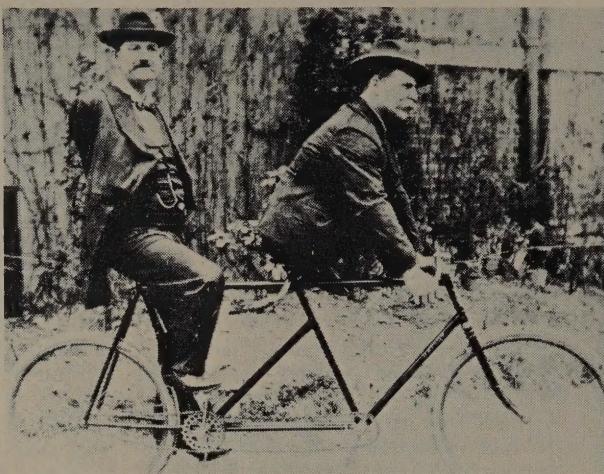
It starts out with a very Otis Redding sounding intro that leads into one of the best arranged and rocked up oldies I have ever heard. It definitely has the feel of Otis Redding's "Respect", but punched up enough in the grand DC5 tradition to make it all their own. You would just have to hear this song to believe it! This could be played at this very moment in any disco anywhere and the response I'm sure would be nothing less than a riot!!! This song proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that the DAVE CLARK FIVE have the boldness, energy, and total understanding, of the mainstream of pop and rock. They have the true spirit of Rock N' Roll, that cannot be broken even by marching time. The DC5 are just as fabulous now as they were when they first stormed our shores back in 1964.

The entire Mod and pop scene of that time gave us a wealth of pop and rock imagery and music that can only be surpassed when people, realize that good musicianship does not a good song make! And that the feel and image is just as important as the instruments. And that just because some so called progressive musicians are fusing jazz, classical or what have you with rock, that does not make basic Rock and Roll beneath their music! Classical and Jazz enthusiasts have always put Rock and Roll down, and still are. Now they're digging Classical and Jazz Rock and at the same time still putting down the basic Rock and Roll that has given them their "new music!!". I have found that I simply cannot and will not tolerate musical snobs!!! THE DC5 4 EVER!!!

THESE ARE VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE



The Tocci brothers were two boys down to the sixth rib, but only one below.



Many heads turned when **Charles Tripp**, "Armless Wonder," and his friend **Eli Bowen**, "Legless Wonder," rode their bicycle built for two.



"**Darwin's Missing Link**" they called **Krao**, the hairy girl from Thailand. She was a Ringling Brothers star for years.



Mexican-born Lucia Zarate, smallest woman that ever lived, was under 20 inches tall, weighed 5 pounds.



Myrtle Corbin had four legs. She is pictured with her husband and one of her five children.



Laloo, from India, had a small twin attached to his breastbone. The twin was dressed as a girl.



Daughter of a Ringling Brothers fat lady, **Baby Ruth Ponticello** weighed 815 pounds.

These are just a few of the many "mistakes of Nature" included in Frederick Drimmer's fascinating new book, **VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE**. What makes them very special is that they were all born "curiosities" and they all lived unusual lives. Like Chang and Eng, the original Siamese twins, who were joined at the chest for life. They married sisters, set up separate homes, and fathered 22 children between them!

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proposals of marriage before she accepted one from a handsome young man. They had a perfectly normal son, who grew up to be his mother's manager!

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As a youngster, **Francesco Lentini** was so shocked at what he saw in an institution for the severely handicapped that he never complained about his third leg again.



Julia Pastrana
(1832-1860)
was to ugliness
what Marilyn Monroe
was to loveliness.



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*Source: Dick Clark Teleshows, Inc., producers of "In Concert." Copies available upon request.